

THE  
MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

ἀληθεῖων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—Speaking the truth in love.

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NO. 1.

To my Readers.

Between you and myself the past four years, there has been growing up a feeling of friendship. With many of you I have had interchange of thought, and from a far greater number appreciation & expression of opinion respecting our Magazine.

When I started the "Magazine of Music" in 1884, I was prepared for uphill work; but being in a position to give both time and money to the advancement of Music culture, without thought of present return, I determined to do what lay in my power, to further this most joyous of all the Arts, by founding the Magazine, believing that such a publication as I intended it to become, would appeal to the enthusiasm of the Music loving public, and ultimately command a large Circulation.

These anticipations to a certain extent have been fulfilled: month by month, and year by year



the Magazine has advanced in influence and reputation, until it now stands at the head of the Musical Journals of the World. In bringing the Magazine to this position, I have expended time, energy, and several thousands pounds. Those who have worked with me have felt a like interest in the cause of Music Culture, and some of the best intellect of the Musical world has been exerted to make the publication an swaying power.

The time has now come when this expenditure of time, intellect, and money should bear substantial results. This increase of results must come through you - my readers. Your correspondence has proved that the Magazine appeals to your sympathies. You number several thousands, and are scattered throughout the English speaking world. Will each of you do what lies in your power to increase its subscribers?

The power of enthusiasm is great. Each reader may become the centre of a circle of readers, if his or her influence is exerted to this end. In all courtesy I ask you to make this effort. Your continued action in extending the sphere of the Magazine's usefulness, will not be without its elevating force in the Music Culture of the world; awakening latent energy and life, which will again return to you in the increased vigor and beauty of our publication.

The Editor



## Patti's Heiress.

OUR readers will join with us in wishing "A Good New Year" to the young singer whose romantic story was first given to the world in the pages of our issue for October. The year in which Jenny Lind has passed away from us for ever, has seen the rise of a new constellation which gives the promise of equal splendour. It is, however, with Patti, rather than with Jenny Lind, that Nikita is naturally compared. The name of Patti has been on the lips of Nikita's audiences all through her triumphal progress in Germany, and in Dresden she was formally invested with the title of "Patti's Heiress." The title was bestowed by the foremost of German critics, Ludwig Hartmann, whose words we here reproduce from the *Dresdener Tageblatt* for the 1st of December. By a happy coincidence we again quote from the writer in whose golden words, "Earnest Art is True Delight," we found a suitable beginning for Volume IV. May the omen prove auspicious!

If we had to decide who should succeed to the inheritance of Adelina Patti—for the present, Patti still holds undisputed sway in the realm of song—we should unhesitatingly pronounce Nikita to be the next of kin. In spite of the sensational system of advertising adopted by her wily impresario, Alfred Fischhof, she made an extraordinarily deep impression, the impression of an ability of the very highest order, such as affords a basis for the most brilliant prospects.

On the 29th of November the hall of the Hôtel de Saxe had the appearance of a meeting of the *Vehmgericht*. Teachers of singing were present in their thousands, and if you happened to notice any one in the hall who did not teach singing, you might at least be sure that he sang himself. Before this Court of critics, mixed with a sprinkling of distinguished foreigners, Nikita had to stand her trial! But her papers were all in order, and she was recognised by the Court both *de jure* and *de facto* as the heiress of Adelina Patti, although the possession of her inheritance is in the meantime deferred.

To the young, genius is often a burden, a source of depression; juvenile phenomena are often as miserable as they are precocious. It is not so with Nikita. Her tall and well-built figure is matched by the expression of her eyes, which sparkle with an air of pleasure, freedom, and decision! She looks upon the world as a stage, and is evidently proud of her place on the boards. To doubt that we have before us a thorough child of 15 or 16, would be simply ridiculous.

Now just try to analyse the constituent elements of her expression—if you can. But you can't. You can say: This *soprano* with a shade of *mezzo* is unusually strong in the middle register and well adapted for dramatic effect; the intonation is pure, with a slight tendency to go flat when the voice is fatigued; the *technique* even in the *staccato* and the shake is perfect. But all these are merely physical or mechanical excellences which have nothing to do with expression. We may go further: Mozart's graceful and piquant air from "Figaro" only requires in addition to Nikita's elegant French *technique*, quick intelligence and that sort of coquettish roguery which women bring with them into the world. But where can the child have obtained the depth of feeling she displayed in the song of Mignon? *Intelligence* and *technique* cannot do more than excite our astonishment; it is *feeling* alone that can touch our hearts, and touching indeed is her entreaty when she sings the song of the homeless child, "Dahin lasst mich Ziehen—Thither let me go." Patti herself does not impart more fulness and beauty to the phrase "Dahin," and Nikita's whole rendering of the music passes with the utmost delicacy over the entire range of emotion. In the song of Mignon no two verses are alike, and Nikita depicts every shade of feeling with perfect

truth; now her features are clouded with pain, now her eyes are pleading in entreaty, and her voice thrills with a fulness of emotion which we cannot understand in one so young. So true it is that genius intuitively *divines* what the ordinary run of mankind require long experience to learn.

## Staccato.

THE Copyright Convention is signed, sealed, and delivered. There is great rejoicing among the artists and journalists of Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Spain, and Switzerland, not forgetting Hayti and Tunis. No more pirated editions within the limits of these literary lands! If an Arab of the Sahara wants to read *The Stones of Venice*, he will have to send a post-office order to Mr. Ruskin's only publisher at Orpington! If a swarthy citizen of the Negro Republic wants his daughter to learn the "See-Saw" waltz, he will have to remit 1s. 8d. (and 2d. for postage) to Messrs. Metzler!

It is unfortunate that the United States should shirk an obligation which Hayti and Tunis have recognised. To begin with, the present system of "help yourself" is contrary to the most obvious dictates of honesty. Besides, the continuance of such a system seems to imply that in the States they have nothing to lose and everything to gain—a supposition most unjust to American authors and musicians.

THIS is fully recognised by American authors. They lately met at Chickering Hall in New York to "demonstrate" in favour of International Copyright by giving samples of the work which they desire to have protected. Mr. Stockton, Mr. Cable, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Warner, and Mark Twain read extracts from their books, and Mr. Russell Lowell gave an address, in which he made the following remarks:—

The only way in which we can protect ourselves against an English author is not by taxing his book, but by paying him honestly for his labour, as we already pay the other foreign worker in ideas, the inventor through his patent. It has been gravely proposed to protect the native hen, and is it extravagant to ask as much for the native author?

THE literary pirates appear to be as unscrupulous in South America as in the United States. The authors of the Castilian Motherland have been trying to have their works protected in the Southern Continent, but hitherto without success.

LADIES have at last found their way into the Stalls in Paris. It is only at a *matinée* at the Opéra-Comique that this daring innovation has hitherto been introduced. But no doubt this will be followed by further encroachments on the domain of those wicked male monopolists.

BUT it seems that, if ladies are ever to be admitted to the pit, they must yield a ready compliance to the cry, "Hats off." The hat nuisance makes itself felt in a peculiarly aggravated form in Paris, owing to the well-known predilection of *les belles Parisiennes* for head-gear suggestive of the Tower of Babel. But even the daughters of our own favoured land come forth crowned with "Gainsboroughs" and "Pyramids." The impossibility of dodging a "Gainsborough" at the play has lately called

forth a series of indignant masculine protests in the columns of the *Manchester Guardian*. After all, there is nothing like the ingenious notice to which we have already called attention: "None but elderly ladies allowed to keep on their bonnets."

WE saw last month that "Wait till the Clouds roll by" had found its way to Hyderabad. It would seem that the Egyptians are becoming equally fond of Western music. One day last October a number of pilgrims made a triumphal entry into Cairo on their return from a pilgrimage to Mecca. It is easy to draw a fancy picture of howling dervishes and tom-toms as a suitable accompaniment. But these nineteenth century pilgrims preferred brass bands. And so this collection of warranted saints entered the City of Mosques to the strains of the Song of the Toreador from "Carmen," the Conspirators' chorus from "Madame Angot," "The British Grenadiers," and "The Campbells are coming."

A NAVAL critic says that we are nothing but miserable landlubbers to admire the representation of "H.M.S. Pinafore" at the Savoy. It seems that some particular kind of mast—we are afraid to mention any names—is wanting. Besides, the keen nautical eye has noticed that, from the position of the vessel, the moon is supposed to "rise due south at ten p.m. every evening." True, O Critic, but the knowledge that the real moon is not quite so regular in her habits is not likely to have any very injurious effect on Mr. D'Oyly Carte's receipts.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE is at it again. It seems that at a concert in a small town in Scotland, the words of Burns' song, "The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman," were altered in deference to the scruples of the "unco guid." Whereupon the sturdy old Professor relieves his wrath in one of his characteristic letters:—

I am sorry you should have people in your neighbourhood so destitute of the Scotch virtue of humour as to call Burns' comic song about the Exciseman "blasphemous." Such language tends to make religion ridiculous and Scotchmen contemptible. As for persons in "fashionable society," who despise their native Scottish songs, and prefer to soak their weak stomachs with the sentimental syllabubs of the most recent London market, one can only pity them, and pray for their conversion to a better mind.

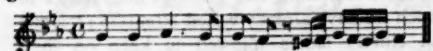
"HISSING THE VILLAIN" is natural to half-educated minds. To such minds the drama is intensely and overpoweringly realistic. We well remember having heard a little boy shout out to the clown in a pantomime the friendly warning, "Man, man, the bobby's at your back."

AN amusing incident of this description lately occurred at the Theatre Royal in Oldham. The piece was "Human Nature," and the pittites were greatly excited at the cruelty of Mrs. Lambkin to young Frank Temple, in the baby-farming scene at Stonefield. At last they could stand it no longer, and fifty worthy Lancashire lads rose as one man, shouting, "Let him a-be; let him a-be!"

MUSICAL plagiarists have been known to shelter themselves under the plea that with only seven notes in the scale, you can't always be going over new ground! After all, the most curious coincidences sometimes occur in which plagiarism or even suggestion seem quite out of the question.



THUS a measure in one of Brahms' Hungarian Dances



is almost identical with the phrase, "Joyful, joyful will the meeting be," in Moody and Sankey's popular hymn, "Come to the Saviour."



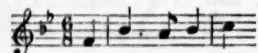
AGAIN, the beginning of the Entr'acte between the third and fourth acts of "Carmen"



corresponds note for note with the first two bars of "The Minstrel Boy."



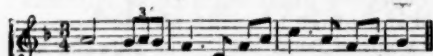
SUCH resemblances not infrequently assume a ludicrous aspect. The first five notes of "With Verdure Clad,"



if not sung in strict rhythm, irresistibly suggest the comic song of "Grandfather's Clock."



A NUMBER of these resemblances have been unearthed by Mr. Van Biene in the Orchestral Fantasia, "A Musician's Nightmare," with which he has amused the visitors to the Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's. In the middle of this musical nightmare in which all sorts of tunes are supposed to be mixed up in the wild confusion of dreamland, the horns give out softly the beautiful passage from "Der Freischütz," which begins



When the measure is completed, the horns again give out the first five notes; then the whole orchestra suddenly rushes off in the rollicking swing of "Two lovely black eyes."



THE opening of the Empire Theatre, as a gigantic music hall, on the model of the Alhambra, reminds us that six of the leading music halls of London represent a combined capital of £700,000! *O tempora, O mores!*



WE have frequently had occasion to remark on the advantages and disadvantages of the permanency of appointments in the opera-houses abroad. *A propos* of the recent 500th performance of "Don Giovanni" at Berlin, it transpired that Herr Betz was then playing the part of the Don for the 98th time. Between 1812 and 1839 Blume appeared 101 times as the Don, and the famous Fricke, who lately retired, represented the Commendatore as many as 130 times between 1857 and 1886.



THE following is one of the best stories told of Jenny Lind:—

Her resentment of what she deemed impertinent curiosity must have been painful to the American visitors, of whose reception we read: "What is it you want?" she asked, standing very erect. "Oh, Madame Goldschmidt, we hoped to have the pleasure of seeing you, and making your acquaintance." "Well, here is my front!" Then (with a whisk round) "There is my back. Now" (with a deep curtsy) "you can go home and say that you have seen me."



THE suburban householder is threatened with a new addition to his nocturnal troubles. It seems that the engine-whistles at present in vogue are not loud enough, and every engine-

driver and every signalman is in future to be provided with a peculiarly aggressive species of trumpet. In future, Camden Town at 2 A.M. will re-echo with "Stay, my darling, stay," instead of a red light, or "All's well," when the line is clear.



ABOUT two years ago we noticed in one of the London morning papers an advertisement purporting to be from a young man who was going to Sierra Leone for the sake of his health, and was willing to dispose of an exceptionally fine piano on exceptionally low terms. That young man, according to the same unimpeachable authority, is still at home, but he is going to start next month for the Gold Coast. During these two years he has successively announced his intention of departing for Honolulu, Antananarivo, Belize, Yokohama, Colombo, Vladivostok, Bahia, Valparaiso, Rangoon, Shanghai, Archangel, Saigon, Tahiti, Colon, Pondicherry, and Zanzibar.



WE commented last month on the increase in the practice of instrumental music. In illustration of these remarks, we may mention that the Edinburgh Choral Union have given a satisfactory performance of "Elijah" with an orchestra partly composed of local amateurs. The ladies of Edinburgh are as energetic as the gentlemen. They have formed, under the conductorship of Mr. Waddell, a Ladies' Orchestra, which, with some small assistance from the sterner sex, tackles such works as the "Prometheus" overture and the First Symphony of Beethoven.



WE seem to be adopting the American fashion of inviting wedding guests to finish up the festivities with an evening at the play. Last summer a number of boisterous wedding guests invaded the Gaiety, and a similar party lately occupied a row of stalls at the Olympic. Are we becoming unable to amuse each other? The ancient Greeks regarded it as a sign of decadence when music began to be substituted for conversation at their banquets. What then shall we say of people who require manufactured amusement, even in the midst of the gaiety of a wedding?



THE "kist o' whistles" controversy is long since dead and buried in Presbyterian Scotland. It is to the synagogue that the field of battle has now been transferred. According to a writer in the *New York Hebrew Standard*, organs form the first link in a fatal chain of innovation which is composed as follows:—Organs, pews, Christian choir, hats off, microscopic prayer-books, abolition of the use of Hebrew, pork and oysters, Chanukah Christmas, intermarriage, the Sunday-Sabbath, no Judaism.



THE boy who reads a shilling primer knows more astron—; we will spare our readers the rest. At all events, the boys and girls of 1887 A.D. appear to be remarkably clever individuals. Some extraordinary scholarship papers have shown us that boys of twelve are supposed to know all about Amyas Leigh, Dinah Morris, and Jean Valjean, besides being expected to write an essay on the statement that "knowledge rather than wisdom is the characteristic of modern culture."



So much for the youth of England. The youth of America are expected to listen to the following programme under the name of a Popular Young-People's Matinée, at Steinway Hall in New York:—

March, "Rakoczy," Berlioz  
Overture, "Leonore," No. 1, posthumous, Beethoven  
Intermezzo, op. first time, Bargiel

Capriccio, op. 4,  
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 14,  
Overture, "Lustspiel" (first time),  
Variations on Luther's Choral (new), "A strong  
sure,"  
Slavonic Dances (new), op. 72,  
Waltz, "Artist's Life,"

Grandmaster  
List  
Fr. Smetana  
Reincke  
Dvořák  
Strauss



It is possible to secure the rights of a play both in England and the United States, but for this a good deal of finesse is required. The elaborate strategy employed for the protection of "The Mikado" and "Ruddigore" is fresh in our recollection. Another curious illustration is afforded by a recent phantom performance of a new comic opera, "Nadgy," by the author of "Falka," at the little theatre in Greenwich.



THERE is war to the knife between the London Theatres and the Metropolitan Board of Works. The latter Honourable Board has drafted a bill for the better regulation of London Theatres and Music Halls, and has invited the managers to smoke the pipe of peace over a friendly discussion of this measure at the Board Room in Spring Gardens. Instead of filling the pipe of peace with tobacco warranted mild, the managers have put on their war-paint, and are now vigorously brandishing the hatchet, with Augustus Druriolanus at their head.



THE managers quite agree that in view of the lamentable disasters in Paris and Exeter, further legislation is needed. But they are afraid that if increased powers are granted to the Board of Works, the numerous members and under-strappers of that august body will begin to make very pressing inquiries about boxes for themselves and their sisters, and their cousins, and their aunts. Hence they have petitioned the all-absorbing Home Office to take them under its protection and control.



SOME little time ago an actress in a good position in Vienna went to the United States to make her fortune. She didn't make it, and before long she was glad to accept employment as a governess in New Orleans. But in spite of the utmost precautions her identity was discovered, and she was ignominiously dismissed. She ultimately managed to find her way back to Vienna, to find her place in the possession of a rival, and every vacancy supplied.



THE *New York Musical Courier* points a similar moral in the following caution addressed to such European artists as imagine the United States to be a second El Dorado:—

If the emigration laws do not soon put a stop to the hitherto unlimited importation of singers and pianists, more especially the latter, we may soon have more of them in New York than people who are willing to listen to them, even for deadhead tickets, let alone the payment of an admission fee. These good artists, genuine pupils of Liszt some of them, come to these shores imagining that with their very arrival doors will be flung open for them, and ducats be had for the mere trouble of picking them up. Now, while there is always a chance here for a good and conscientious orchestral player, especially of the wood-wind denomination, to make a good living, New York and even the inland cities are so overstocked with pianists and singers of both sexes that they are glad to get a chance to appear anywhere, only to be heard; and the rivalry is so strong that not only do they offer their services at merely nominal figures, but most of them would gladly consent to play or sing for no remuneration whatever, so as to get at least a few newspaper notices. This is no exaggerated statement of the case, and we beg our transatlantic exchanges to copy or translate this and to publish it in their columns, so as to save some European artists a useless and disappointing trip.



## Musical life in London.

THE Popular Concerts have commenced their second thousand with that certainty of excellence and of interest which is their special characteristic. The audiences are always smaller before than after Christmas, but the music and the musicians are of the same high quality from first to last. With Madame Neruda as first violin, Signor Piatti as leading violoncellist, Mdle. Janotha, Miss Zimmerman, and Mr. Charles Hallé as pianists; Mrs. Henschel, Miss M. Hall, Mr. Santley, and others as vocalists, and Mr. Chappell's steady excellence of programme, comprising few novelties, but many works which may grow old, but never tire, St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoons and Monday evenings is the place to be relied upon for pleasure and profit. These concerts were suspended for the Christmas holidays on the 19th, and will be resumed January 7.

THE Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall are again conducted by Mr. Henschel; they are given on alternate Tuesday evenings and Wednesday afternoons. Here, also, Madame Neruda is a very great attraction. Her playing in Spohr's dramatic concerto, at the third concert, was magnificent in dramatic power and exquisite finish. Wagner's Youthful Symphony was given on the same occasion. The audience was fit and few, rather than numerous, as might have been expected. The performance was admirable in its gigantic energy, and the precision of time, which must have been not a little trying to both conductor and orchestra, in the long-continued speed of the first movement. The andante which followed was a needful rest before a scherzo of colossal playfulness! The finale was full of spirit, and most vigorously performed, and the whole work was very warmly received by a critical audience. In the fourth concert, Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" overture, Chopin's difficult concerto in F minor, faultlessly played by Mdle. Janotha, Beethoven's symphony in F, and Dvorák's "Slavic Dance" in A flat, made up a most interesting programme.

THE Ballad Concerts, as a contrast, may next claim our notice; and here the audiences may be "fit," but certainly not "few." The ballad demands less of its hearers than the higher class of music we have been describing; and is evidently so great a delight to such a varied multitude, that we cannot but congratulate Mr. Boosey in his undertaking, now in its 22nd annual season. New songs are tried, approved, and circulated in hundreds of homes throughout our country as one consequence of these concerts. Mr. Weatherly and Mr. Maybrick continue their popularity as writer, composer, and singer. Dr. A. C. Mackenzie has a new song, "An old Irish Wheel;" Mr. Molloy also, "Drifting down the River;" Mr. Walter Austin, a setting of Longfellow's "Blind Bartimeus;" and Mr. H. J. Edwards, "The Beautiful City." But besides these novelties, and many old favourites, sung by Madame Trebelli, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Mary Davies, Miss Eleanor Rees, Miss Alice Gomez, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, Mr. Maybrick, and others, there has been some excellent part-singing by the Ballad Concert Choir, conducted by Mr. Joseph Booth; and, as added charms, the ever-welcome Madame Neruda on the violin, M. de

Pachmann at the piano, and Mr. Sidney Naylor as accompanist. Mr. Boosey has indeed catered liberally for his patrons.

BEFORE we leave St. James's Hall, with its varied musical feasts, we may mention the Sacred Harmonic Society, whose season opened in November, with Signor Bottesini's devotional oratorio, "The Garden of Olivet," first produced at the Norwich Musical Festival in the autumn. The composer conducted his own work; he is indeed a versatile genius—composer, conductor, and contrabassist. The libretto of this oratorio is from the pen of Mr. Joseph Bennett; and the music is melodious and dramatic as well as devotional,—refreshing characteristics in these days of severity and prolonged recitative. Miss Hilda Wilson and Miss Marriott, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Santley, were the solo vocalists; and Mr. Carrodus led the orchestra. The work was enthusiastically received. Mr. Cusin's Royal Jubilee Cantata followed. It is short, melodious, and admirably written. Finally, Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion" was conducted by Mr. Cummings.

AT Prince's Hall the Heckmann quartette party have given a series of three chamber concerts; wherein they have represented Haydn, Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, Sgambati, Rheinberger, and, in an especial and exceptional manner, Beethoven. They have dealt with his most difficult and perplexing work, the fugue in the posthumous quartette in B flat. This work is a great musical problem, at present unsolved; although the great master said of it, "It will please them some day." That day has not yet dawned. To repeat the words of one of our critical friends, "The Heckmann party deserve much praise for so completely mastering the thankless music. They were martyrs, perhaps; but for Beethoven an artist can suffer much."

AT Prince's Hall, also, Miss Ethel and Master Harold Bauer gave a musical evening on December 7. Their talents have already been recognised, and we expected to see a large and appreciative audience, but were disappointed on behalf of the young performers. They deserve every encouragement. Their playing is not phenomenal, but it is good, conscientious, and artistic; and their music is of the very best. Of Miss Ethel's performances we preferred the Mendelssohn prelude and fugue in E minor. The first movement was admirably smooth, the second strong, the last movement very good in phrasing and style, and the whole work was thoroughly studied. The young pianist ventured on the Sonata Appassionata, and there, too, she showed excellent comprehension of Beethoven's music; but after hearing the great players at the popular concerts, the execution fell somewhat flat. The duet for pianoforte and violin by Grieg was very interesting. Master Harold was most successful in Bach's adagio and fugue in G minor, unaccompanied. He played with great earnestness and spirit, and his cantabile was more to our taste than the rapid passages. We wish every success to these young but true artists.

MR. COWEN's oratorio "Ruth" will be a favourite in halls and drawing-rooms. It is full of melody and picturesqueness, as suits the beautiful pastoral story. Mr. Bennett's libretto is excellent. We are always glad to welcome music which does not necessarily require a large orchestra and chorus, but can be gracefully and gratefully performed in suburban and country halls and homes. The oratorio was given for

the first time in London at Novello's concert in St. James's Hall, December 1, the composer conducting. Madame Albani took the part of Ruth; her singing was not so firm as usual; we should be sorry indeed if the full tide of her delightful voice were to be checked by the tremolo which spoils so many voices. Miss A. Larkcome, Mr. F. W. Mills, and Mr. Lloyd were the other soloists, and Mr. Lloyd outdid himself as Boaz, but wisely declined the encore which was loudly demanded.

THE excellent Crystal Palace Concerts have now concluded their autumn season, and Mr. Manns is leaving London for Glasgow, where he will conduct orchestral concerts for two months. The Palace without Mr. Manns is a disappointment to all musical visitors. But the pantomime season is approaching, and music must give way to mirth and jollity.

AT the Albert Hall, the Choral Society which bears its name has given Handel's "Israel in Egypt," with the remarkable feature of the duet, "The Lord is a Man of War," being given to 400 tenors and basses, instead of two singers. The effect was gigantic. Haydn's "Creation" also has been performed before a large audience, with Madame Albani for soprano solo. The music is well suited to her pure singing.

MADAME PATTI's farewell on December 6 took place also at Albert Hall. Madame Patti is fond of farewells, and as a farewell at one place immediately precedes a welcome at another, her life must be chiefly spent amid greetings, regretful or jubilant, and always profitable.

AN immense audience assembled in this hall on the evening of November 28—St. Andrew's day—and listened with delight to a series of Scotch songs and part-songs; Miss Sigrid Arnoldson, the present Swedish nightingale, being peculiarly successful. The band of the Queen's Scots Guards played selections of national melodies, and the pipers of the regiment played as they marched through the hall. Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Mary Davies, Madame A. Sterling, and others were also among the principal attractions. At St. James's Hall, too, there was a very large and enthusiastic audience; and Madame Patey, Miss Lehmann, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, with the addition of the Glasgow Choir, gave them a delightful evening. When such a favourite as Miss Lehmann sings "Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad," no wonder she was obeyed very literally, and had to fulfil her promise and come again. Signor Piatti played a ballad on his own instrument, of his own composing, which also was encored.

VERY excellent chamber concerts have been given at the Continental Gallery, New Bond Street, by the Wind Instrument Union. The music is not only by great composers, but is not widely known. A quintette for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, by the late Sir George Macfarren; an adagio and finale from a clarinet concerto by Spohr; and a quintette by Mozart for pianoforte, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, were all of them little known, almost novelties, and the rendering was admirable.

THE Royal College of Music gave an interesting concert at St. James's Hall, on December 10, Mr. Henry Holmes conducting. There was but one vocal solo, a song of Verdi's. The music was chiefly instrumental, with the exception of the above-mentioned song; the trio, "Gratias Agimus," from Rossini's "Messe Solennelle" (a



work which ought to be heard oftener); a madrigal by Wilbye Cooper; and "Come, live with me," by Hafton. The programme included Beethoven's *Leonora Overture*, Mendelssohn's *Rondo Brillante*, Mozart's *G. Minor Symphony*, Max Bruch's "Romance," and Brahms' variations on Haydn's theme.

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AT the Japanese Village, Knightsbridge, Mr. J. Riviere has taken the direction of a series of promenade concerts. He has a very efficient band, and many popular singers may be heard there. At the opening concert, Miss Mary Davies sang Spohr's "Rose softly blooming," and Miss Meredyth Elliott distinguished herself in Cowen's "Better Land." To hear Purcell at a promenade concert seems unlikely, but "Mad Tom" was well sung on this occasion by Mr. James Sauvage. It is a magnificent song, and too little known.

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AT St. James's Hall, on December 16, "The Ancient Mariner" was announced to appear, and kept the appointment, though under stress of small disasters, which, however, passed harmlessly away. Madame Patey was so late in arriving that Stanford's Irish Symphony was commenced as a prologue to the cantata, but that also was doomed to interruption. The gloomy spirit of the Ancient Mariner seemed present, and suddenly the electric lights went out, but, happily, not all—for the large gas sunlight is always used—therefore the effect was more Rembrandtesque than alarming, as darkness would have been. The gas burners were soon lit; Madame Patey had arrived, and the Mariner's tale began. Soloists and choir were all in good voice, and Mr. Barnett's favourite work went well. Miss A. Williams, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley were the other solo vocalists.

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SEVERAL other concerts have passed off with more or less success; among which we may note the Blackheath and Holborn Choral Societies, and a very successful performance by the lady students of the Hyde Park Academy of Music, directed by Mrs. Trickett, sister of our great English contralto, the late Madame Sainton Dolby. Mr. Henry Frost conducted the concert. Some of the music from Mancinelli's cantata "Isaiah" was given.

## Miss Rosalind Ellicott.

—:o:—

IT has been often said that ladies, as a rule, do not excel in musical composition, but this, like so many other hard-and-fast rules in these days of progress, has had to bend to facts. "Claribel" was all very well, but the late Mrs. Meadows White, Maude Valerie White, and Miss Rosalind Ellicott are far above mere pretty song-writers; and the subject of our engraving, the daughter of the present Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, has shown that a woman of talent can handle an orchestra or a string quartette with as much ease and mastery as a song with pianoforte accompaniment.

Miss Rosalind Ellicott, a young lady in the prime of life, and, as our picture shows, of highly attractive appearance, is the daughter of a lady known far and wide for her artistic gifts, her splendid singing, and her varied and fascinating social acquirements. Mrs. Ellicott, previous to her husband's elevation to the See of Gloucester and Bristol, was famous at Cambridge in past years for her beautiful voice, and,

having transmitted her gifts in full measure to Miss Rosalind, has taken care to supervise and cultivate them in her to good purpose. At the early age of six, Miss Rosalind could harmonize by ear correctly any tune. At seventeen, she entered the Royal Academy of Music in London, where she worked hard at the piano under Mr. Westlake; but Mr. Shakespeare happening to hear a quartette of hers for strings and piano, thought so well of it that he advised her to study composition. At this time she also devoted herself to the cultivation of a beautiful soprano voice, and has for several years been much in request, even at public concerts, especially for charitable purposes, until it became evident that, by too frequently filling niches gratis, which would otherwise have been supplied by professional singers, she interfered to some extent with their interests, and with admirable good taste and feeling she has greatly retired of late from public concert singing, and sings only on more private and select occasions. She studied composition assiduously under Mr. Thomas Wingham; is a member of the Musical Artists' Society, where several of her works have been performed. Her well-known song, "To the Immortals," was produced at the Gloucester Festival in 1883; her second overture, "Dramatic," at the Festival of 1886. She has written a good many charming songs and pieces for piano and strings. The best of these is perhaps a quartette, performed at Steinway Hall, at Mr. Burnett's concert. Her first overture, "Spring," was given with great applause at a Bristol Monday Pop. in 1886, and a striking new part-song to some of Shelley's words was successfully performed at the late Cheltenham Festival, 1887. Mrs. Ellicott's house in London is a well-known centre of art, literature, and music, and Miss Ellicott is never seen to better advantage than in assisting her mother in dispensing a graceful hospitality there (or at Gloucester Palace), which is seldom unaccompanied by the latest and choicest productions of the musical art, by the best artists, in the presence of the leading amateurs and musical connoisseurs of London. On such occasions the Bishop of Gloucester, as famous for his wide and genial culture as for his profound learning and untiring ministerial and Episcopal activity, whilst professing himself to be little versed in the musical art, lends the charm of his presence, and the wit and wisdom of his conversation, to an assembly not unfrequently comprising the *élite* of the Bench, the Bar, and the Senate, in addition to the most distinguished representatives of the fine arts. In such an atmosphere it is not wonderful that such a talent as Miss Rosalind Ellicott's should have abounded and flourished; the success which her works have already achieved is an earnest of what is in store for them and for her in the future. Long may she continue to work out her talents and be the delight and admiration of her high and distinguished social and artistic circle.

## History of Music.

BY JOHN FREDERICK ROWBOTHAM.

VOL. III.

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WITH the third volume, Mr. Rowbotham brings his most learned and remarkable work to a conclusion. In our opinion, the book would have been better named a *History of Ancient and Mediæval Music*, since the author takes leave of us at that period when, owing to the persecution by the

Crusaders, the "gay reign of Love and the Troubadours was over for ever." If we cannot help regretting that Mr. Rowbotham did not continue his history down to our own times, still we must remember that, had he attempted to deal with the last two or three centuries on the same scale as that on which he dealt with prehistoric and pagan times, he would have needed a life as long as Methuselah's in which to complete his labours. As it is, the book, as far as it goes, is a monument of learning, insight, and research, having written which a man might well think himself entitled to fold his hands before him, and rest upon his laurels for the remainder of his days.

The first and second volumes having already been reviewed in this Magazine, we will only remind our readers that the first deals with Prehistoric Music and the Music of the Elder Civilisations and the Greeks, while the second contains a continuation of the latter period, concluding with a graphic description of a performance of the "Œdipus" of Sophocles, with examples of the various rhythms to be found in the Greek choruses. Vol. III. contains an account of the Decline of Paganism and the Dark Ages, and of the Middle Ages, the Arabians, and the Troubadours. The author begins by attempting to find a reason for the gradual decadence of Greek dramatic poetry after the death of Sophocles. The first falling off is to be noticed in the works of Euripides, whose genius lay in the direction of rhetoric and argument, and who therefore laid all the stress upon the dialogue of the actors, and neglected the musical part of the play, being the first poet who employed other men to write the music for the songs and dances of the chorus.

Among other innovations, Euripides introduced monodies, which were sung to the accompaniment of flutes and lyres by solo singers instead of by the choruses. Such incessant use did he make of these monodies that they became a cause of complaint among the more critical Greeks of the day. Lucian says: "As long as it is Andromache or Hecuba who is singing, we can excuse your monody; but when Hercules so far forgets himself as to begin it, and warbles away with a calm disregard to his lion-skin and his club, we are apt to condemn the monody as a solecism that should never have been admitted into tragedy at all."

Some account is next given of the Comic Drama. In this the singers did not wear masks like those of the Tragic Chorus, but smeared their faces with wine lees in order to make themselves look merry. The Comic Chorus, too, always sang what, in our days, would be called a topical song, and which consisted of personal allusions, political jokes, etc. Examples are given of the rhythms in the bird and frog choruses of Aristophanes.

Euripides was succeeded in his dictatorship of tragedy by Agathos, who was the first to introduce the chromatic style into the Tragic Choruses. By numerous illustrations we are shown how the leading Greek modes, such as the Dorian, the Phrygian, etc., were influenced by the chromatic style.

We now come to a most interesting account of the spread of instrumental music among the Greeks, to the almost total neglect of vocal music. We hear of the lyre-players, the cithara-players, and, most popular of all, the flute-players, whom the people would flock to hear, placing them even before the delights of tragedy. The flute-players appear to have been almost as highly paid as the prima-donnas of our own times, some of them actually receiving as much as two hundred pounds for the day's performance. Their flutes, too, were most expensive instruments, that of Ismenias costing



581. It is curious to read that, when the chromatic style was introduced, the time for cutting the reeds of which the flutes were made was changed from September to June, in order that they might be crisper and shorter in the bore.

In the next chapter we are shown how the learned Greeks of Alexandria turned their attention towards preserving the beauties of their language from perishing. To this end they attempted to register the tones which made their language so melodious. Aristophanes, the grammarian, hit upon a plan for registering these tones by placing an up-stroke where the voice went up on a syllable, and a down-stroke where it returned to its normal pitch, and a combination of the two where it went both up and down on the same syllable. Later on we shall find this simple system improved and developed into a complete musical notation.

A somewhat dreary picture is drawn of the period we have now reached. As our author happily puts it, "It was an age of criticism, which means an age of stagnation, when men fold their hands and pretend that the end of life is to survey what others have done."

The stars of Alexandria were critics, commentators, and writers of handbooks and treatises. These are, however, by no means to be despised, since we owe our knowledge of the entire Greek music to their writings. The art itself had now come to be treated altogether from a scientific and mathematical point of view, and reached its driest depths in the propositions of Euclid. Then, indeed, the end was come. Euclid, the philosopher, had "brought in the aid of mathematics to canonize the dead music," which becomes with him and his school "the recreation of geometry, the dreamland of mathematic fancy, and he makes his music of angles and lines."

We are next carried to Rome, where we find not only a reappearance of the gay Greek music, but also a general mixing and blending of all the musics of the pagan world. The rallying place of music was once more to be found in the theatres, where tragedy and comedy had given way to pantomime. In the chorus pantomimes a band of vocalists and instrumentalists accompanied the gestures and dancing of the actors. The instruments used seem to have been chosen rather for the amount of noise that could be got out of them than for any other quality, consisting as they did of gongs, gigantic lyres, rattles, clattering shells, foot castanets, and others of a like nature.

Mr. Rowbotham gives in this chapter a vivid description of the life and times of that imperial opera singer, Nero. The following extract shows the tyrant in the light of a most painstaking musical student:—

"Such diligence did he use to improve his voice that he would sit up with his singing-master, Terpnus, till late in the night, practising his arias and roudades for the next day. He slept with plates of lead on his chest, to correct unsteadiness of breathing and give him the power of sustaining his notes in equal volume. He would also abstain from food for days together in order to purify his voice; often denying himself fruit and sweet pastry, which are known to be prejudicial to singing."

When he appeared as a public singer at the principal theatres of Greece, he was careful to post among the audience a large body of *claqueurs*, who were instructed in three different kinds of applause, which they were to give according to the cue communicated to them by the leaders of their divisions.

It was in Nero's reign that a new instrument was brought to Rome called a Water Organ. It appears to have been very similar in structure to our organs, except that the air was forced into the wind-chest by pistons instead of by

bellows. Nero approved of this instrument, and expressed his determination to introduce it into the pantomime orchestra. But his downfall was close at hand, for his legions had already revolted, and three armies were marching on Rome. That Nero was a singer first and an Emperor afterwards is proved by the fact that he was more displeased at hearing that one of his generals had criticised his voice, and said he had a bad one, than at all the revolt beside.

With Nero pagan music died, and a new music had already begun, which owed its birth to the new sect called Christians. Nothing could be more dramatic than the contrast which the author draws between the barbaric orgies of Nero and the rites and services of the early Christians, held in fear and trembling among the tombs and catacombs. At first, as was only natural, no music was used in the Christian services; but, little by little, the frequent declamation of the Psalms and spontaneous exclamations of "Hosanna" and "Alleluia" fell into some sort of rude musical shape. St. Cecilia was the first Christian who accompanied her voice with a lyre, but it was not until the end of the second century that the names of singers began to appear among the officials at the Christian gatherings.

When the persecution of the Christians ceased, and they grew, as a sect, rich and powerful, it is not wonderful that display and luxury should have crept in to mar the simplicity of their services. The more corrupt and worldly among them disseminated false doctrines by means of hymns which they set to the taking pagan tunes. The simple music used by the stricter Christians had its origin, as we have seen, in the spontaneous cries of Amen, Alleluia, etc., which, dwelt on by their rough, uneducated voices, had gradually developed into a kind of melody. The author shows the curious affinity between the quavering of the uneducated Christian voices, which, unable to hold out steadily a sustained note, wandered about as long as the breath lasted, and the effete Greek music, with its shakes, trills, and other graces.

The pious Christians had long been anxious that their traditional music should be collected before it was spoilt by the corruptions which were entering into it. It was not till the end of the sixth century, however, that Pope Gregory, who as a young man had been papal legate at Constantinople, and there acquired an excellent knowledge of music, determined to gather the "Christian Psalms and chants from all parts of the world, and unite them into one mighty work, which should remain for ever the meeting-ground of Christian music, as Rome was to be of Christian faith." Thus was given to the world the Antiphonary of St. Gregory, from which Mr. Rowbotham makes copious extracts, showing "how formless, vague, and almost unintelligible to rhythmic ears was this wild Christian music." In these examples we may mark, as the author says, "the characteristics of the uncultivated voice, with its wavering and unsteadiness, . . . its uncouth anticipations and feeble holdings of note, the weaknesses of unpractised singers, which reverent tradition had preserved, and now places before us in Gregory's Gradual, as the choicest fruits of Christian art."

St. Gregory's Antiphonary had a powerful rival in a similar compilation by St. Ambrose of Milan. In the latter work a pagan strain may be noticed, and some attempt has been made to introduce melody and rhythm into the chants. The rivalry between the two Antiphonaries was finally decided in favour of St. Gregory by a miracle, as related in the following passage:—

"Both Antiphonaries were placed one night

on the altar, to see if Heaven would send a sign; and they were left all night on the altar. And in the morning the Antiphonary of St. Ambrose lay where it had been placed, but the Antiphonary of St. Gregory was found torn into a thousand pieces; from which it was understood that Gregory's music would spread all over the world, but that Ambrose's would go no further than the place where Ambrose had written it, that is, in Milan."

We should imagine, from this far-fetched interpretation of the miracle, that the minds of the spectators were strongly prejudiced in favour of Gregory's compilation.

We now come to a most elaborate and minute account of the new system of notation, which had its rise in the plan invented by Aristophanes, the grammarian, for registering the tones or modulation of the voice in speech. This, as we remember, consisted chiefly of up-strokes, down-strokes, and a combination of the two, with certain rests or pauses. The early Christians found that these signs of Greek pronunciation served them better for their simple music than the intricacies of the regular Greek musical notation. By numerous examples we are shown how these signs grew up with the Christian music, and kept pace with its increase, till in their developed form they served as a perfect notation for the Antiphonary of St. Gregory.

The next chapter is devoted to an interesting account of the propagation of Gregorian Song in Europe, and more particularly in France, owing to the partisanship of Charlemagne, whose interests were now bound up with those of Rome, and who believed that the Church's influence might be of aid to him in the pacification of his conquered kingdoms. He therefore became the champion of St. Gregory, and before long passed from the political partisan into the musical enthusiast. In the first place, he rooted out the Ambrosian Song effectually from among the Lombards by means of fire and sword, and in the second place, he established schools of singing in twelve of the principal towns of France, and sent teachers from Italy to instruct his subjects in the Gregorian Song, and also in the art of organ-playing, organs having just been introduced into France from Constantinople.

Charlemagne appears to have exercised the strictest personal supervision over the musical education of his subjects, and in his own private chapel would frequently direct the singers himself, coughing when he wished one of them to stop, and pointing his stick at the next who was to go on—a somewhat primitive method of conducting. The French singers, whose highest aim hitherto had been to sing as loud as possible on the one or two notes of which their chants consisted, found some difficulty in falling into the style of the Gregorian Song. "When they first attempted it," says a critic of the period, "instead of a sweet, well-turned tune resulting, their singing was like the noise of cart-wheels rumbling over a causeway."

Charlemagne was very careful to convince himself that his regulations were carried out to the letter. He would stop at churches on his journeys and, going in suddenly during the service, assure himself personally that the Gregorian Song was in daily use. By these means was the knowledge of Gregorian music spread, and by the time of Charlemagne's death it was established as the music of civilised Europe.

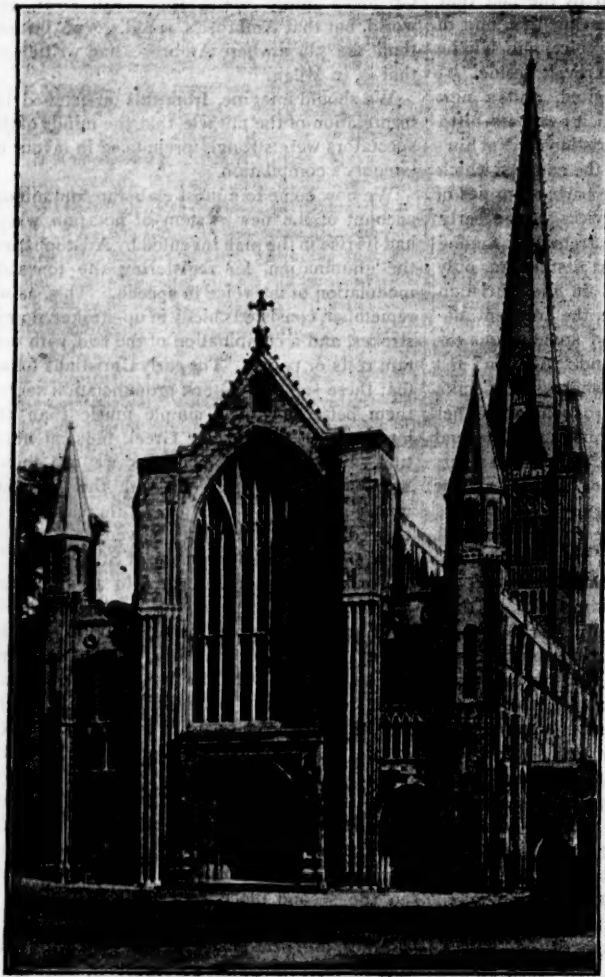
Here the account of the Decline of Paganism and the Dark Ages is brought to a close, and with it the first part of Vol. iii. With the second part, which is devoted, as we have said, to a survey of the Middle Ages, the Arabians, and the Troubadours, we propose to deal next month.

(To be continued.)



# The Cathedrals of England.

No. I.—NORWICH.



But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloysters pale,  
And love the high embowed roof,  
With antic pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light;  
There let the pealing organ blow  
To the full-voiced quire below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear  
Dissolve me into extasies,  
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.

—MILTON.

It has been well observed by the late Bishop of Carlisle that our "cathedrals have amongst other functions that of being schools of sacred music. An institution which has an endowment for precentor, organist, lay clerks, and choristers may be expected to do more than merely support a noble choral service within the cathedral walls; it certainly ought to influence the music of the diocese, it may be that of the whole Church. The cathedrals have done this, are doing it, and probably will do it much more."

Such being the case, it seems not inappropriate that some account of these "storehouses and treasures of the arts" should find a place in a Magazine which is devoted to the cause of music.

Norwich Cathedral, of which we propose to give a brief sketch this month, has not been without its influence on the city of which it is the chief ornament. Norwich, as our readers are doubtless aware, is the only town in England which, like the old Italian cities, can boast its own school of painting. As a proof that the people of Norwich are no less interested in

music than in the sister art, we may cite the fact that the Norwich Triennial Musical Festival was the first institution of the kind to be established in a cathedral town, and has already had a prosperous career of over sixty years. May we not take it for granted, therefore, that the sight of their beautiful cathedral always before their eyes, and the opportunities they enjoy of hearing fine music within its walls, may have contributed, in some measure, to foster a love of art among the citizens of Norwich?

Though, like all historic buildings, Norwich Cathedral has passed through many vicissitudes, it still remains one of the most perfect specimens of early Norman architecture to be found in this country. The first stone was laid in the year 1096 by Herbert de Lozinga, first Bishop of Norwich. The site chosen by him was a meadow called the Cowholme, close to the river. No doubt this was convenient for the transport of the building materials by

water, but the lowness of the situation unfortunately prevents a good view being obtained of the entire structure, except from the high ground in the neighbourhood of the town.

The parts built by Bishop Herbert which have escaped destruction, comprise the choir, tower, transept, two chapels, and the episcopal palace. During the first three or four centuries after the establishment of the see, Norwich was fortunate in having several "building Bishops," each of

whom added some fresh beauty to the cathedral. The magnificent nave was built by Herbert's successor, Bishop Eborard, part of the cloisters by Bishop Walpole towards the end of the 13th century, and the present spire by Bishop Perry in 1362, when the old spire was blown down.

More than once in its eventful history has the cathedral been threatened with total destruction. In 1272, the citizens, enraged by the exactions of the priory, besieged the close, and set fire to the monastery. They burned a great number of the buildings, including the parish church, bell-tower, and Lady-chapel, and killed or imprisoned several of the monks. Again, in Cromwell's time, we are told that a plundering commission entered the church, and defaced the monuments, demolished the carved stonework, destroyed the organ, and burned the music-books. Worst of all, however, as showing the spirit of the age, was the petition sent by the Yarmouth people to the Lord Protector, praying that "that great useless pile, the cathedral, might be pulled down, and the stones given them to build a workhouse." Fortunately for Norwich, the audacity of this petition was too much even for Oliver.

Let us now briefly examine the leading features of interest both within and without the building. Entering the cathedral by the west door, the spectator cannot fail to be impressed by the magnificent nave with its unique stone roof, the longest nave in England, with the exception of that of St. Albans. The stone vaulting was added by Bishop Lehart in the 15th century, and is most elaborately carved, forming a complete sacred history, beginning with the Creation and ending with the Last Judgment. These bosses were formerly painted and gilded, and the present Dean having caused them to be scraped and a few restored to their original colours, some slight idea may be gained of the effect the roof must have presented in all its early splendour. The choir contains sixty-two elaborately carved oak stalls, where sat in former days the prior, sub-prior, and sixty monks of Bishop Herbert's foundation. The choir, like the nave, is surmounted by a stone vaulting, though of a somewhat later date, having been added by Bishop Lehart's successor, Bishop Goldwin. And here we may mention that no other cathedral in England can boast such a magnificent stone covering as that of Norwich, stretching as it does over an expanse of more than half an acre.

The monuments contained in the church are few, and not of any great interest, if we except the fine modern one of Bishop Bathurst, which was the last work of Chantrey.



PULL'S FERRY, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CLOSE.



In the choir aisle is still preserved the painted altar-piece of the Jesus Chapel, a picture which Dr. Waagen declares to be of "great significance in the history of English painting." "It contains," to quote from the same authority, "in five compartments, the Scourging, the Bearing of the Cross, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, and the Ascension; and, judging from the forms of art, may have been executed between 1380 and 1400. . . . Both the figures and the raised elegant pattern of the gold ground entirely resemble the indubitable English miniatures of the same period; so that there is no doubt in my mind as to the English origin of the picture."

The cloisters, which are in the decorated Gothic style, are among the most beautiful in England. They were begun, as we have said, by Bishop Walpole in 1297, but the work was carried on by various hands, and was not finally completed till the beginning of the 15th century.

As far as the exterior of the building is concerned, the spire and tower are the principal features which claim our attention. The spire measures no less than 315 feet from the ground, and is second in height only to that of Salisbury. In spite of the low ground on which the cathedral is built, the spire may be seen at a distance of twenty miles to the east of the city, where the land is flat and marshy.

The tower is a very perfect specimen of Norman architecture. No other purely Norman tower in England can boast above half its height, or as much as half its decoration.

The west front does not possess

any great architectural merit. The stonework with which it is faced, together with other alterations, is believed to have been added by Bishop Alnwick in the reign of Henry VIII. The two fine gates which stand at the entrances to the cathedral precincts are worthy of notice. The earliest, St. Ethelbert's, was built by the citizens of Norwich after the disturbances of 1272; the upper portion, however, is modern, having been added at the beginning of the present century. The second, which is called the Erpingham Gate, was built by that "old Sir Thomas Erpingham," who fought at Agincourt, and whose "good white head" has been immortalized by Shakespeare in the play of Henry V.

As far as its musical history is concerned, Norwich Cathedral does not furnish much material to the chronicler. No great singers have been reared within its walls, no famous musicians have been numbered among its organists. Of the latter, however, two at least are worthy of mention. The first of these, Dr.

Beckwith, finds a place in Sir George Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. We quote the following from the short account of him therein contained:—"John Christmas Beckwith, Mus. Doc., was born December 25, 1759, and studied music under Dr. Philip Hayes. He succeeded Garland as organist of the cathedral, and of St. Peter's, Mancroft, Norwich, about 1780. . . . He composed many anthems and a few vocal pieces, some of which became popular. He was considered a good singing-master, and was the instructor of Thomas Vaughan. In 1808 he published a set of chants under the following title: 'The First Verse of every Psalm of David, with an Ancient or Modern Chant, in Score, adapted as much as possible to the Sentiment of each Psalm.' The preface to this work contains a short history of chanting, which displays learning and research, and contains the first suggestion of marked Psalters. Dr. Buck, who was his pupil and successor at Norwich Cathedral, describes his master as

and parents were glad to place their boys under his care, since it was well known that his interest in them did not cease when their voices broke, but that he used his best endeavours to obtain for them good positions in the future. Since his death, owing to frequent changes of organists, and an apparent scarcity of good voices, the Norwich choir has failed to maintain its former high level.

The musical *personnel* of the cathedral consists of eight lay clerks and fourteen choir-boys, although there were only eight of the latter on the original foundation, six having been added during the present century. According to an old statute, these eight boys were to be taught, independently of singing, to play upon different kinds of instruments, and "shall be at the master's house to reside, and shall have great care and pains taken with them." They were also to be "well instructed in sound and good literature." Like many old statutes, this has fallen into partial disuse, that is to say, the boys

are no longer taught any instruments, nor do they live in the master's house, but receive instead wages of ten, five, or two pounds a year, according to seniority.

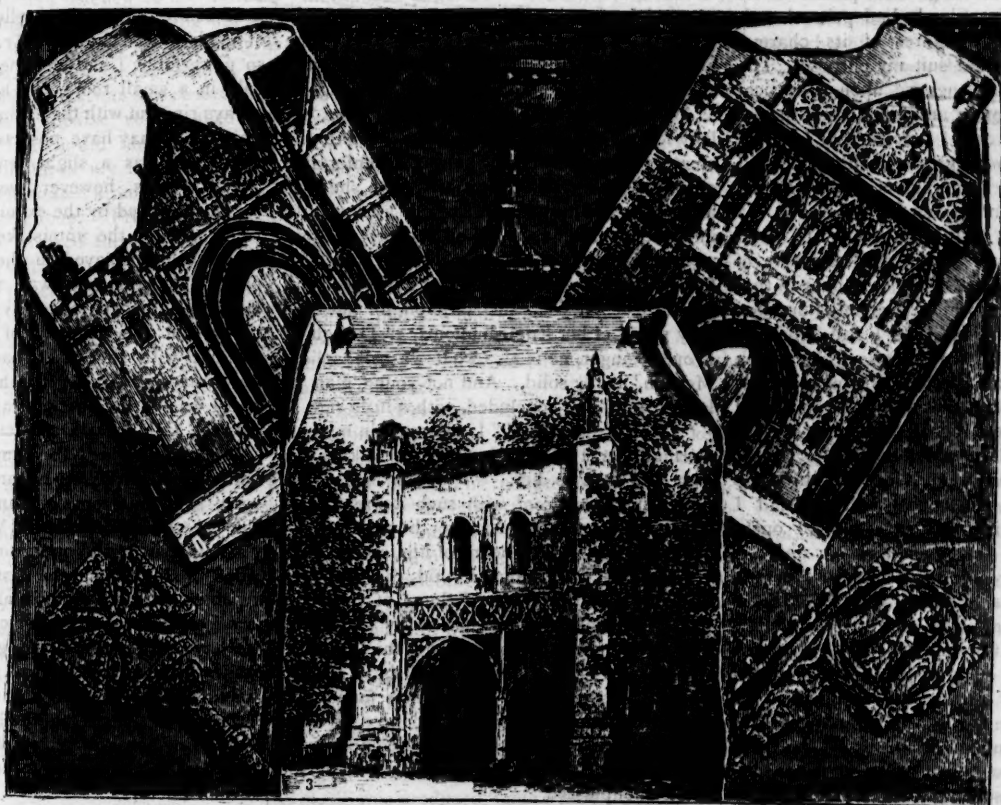
The cathedral organ was erected shortly after the Restoration, the old one having been destroyed during the Commonwealth. The present instrument has received many additions and modern improvements, but the tone, though sweet, is scarcely powerful enough for so large a building.

Although, as we have said, Norwich Cathedral cannot boast many distinguished musicians among its members, yet it

is a curious fact that there are no less than three musical epitaphs to be found upon its walls, two to the memory of former organists, and one to that of a singing-man. We will conclude this brief sketch of the cathedral by quoting the following quaintly turned lines upon William Inglott, organist, who was buried December 31, 1621, and who, though long since forgotten, was evidently a musician of merit in his day:—

Here William Inglott, organist, doth rest,  
Whose art in music this cathedral bless'd,  
For Descant most, for Voluntary all;  
He past on organ, song, and Virginal.  
He left this life at the age of sixty-seven,  
And now 'mongst angels sings in Heaven:  
His fame flies far, his name shall never die,  
So art and age here crown his memory.

THERE is some talk of producing in Paris Glinka's opera, "A Life for the Czar," which we reviewed in our issue for last September. Two French adaptations of the libretto are now being prepared.



1. THE ERPINGHAM GATE.

2. THE ETHELBERT GATE.

3. ENTRANCE TO THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

being almost as proficient in painting as in music. He died June 3, 1809."

The Dr. Buck who is spoken of above, although he has not found a place in the Dictionary, deserves honourable mention in connection with Norwich Cathedral. Born in 1798, he began his musical career as a chorister, and in 1820, at the early age of twenty-two, became organist of the cathedral. He held this post till within a year or two of his death, which took place in 1879, having been a member of the cathedral body for over seventy years.

Although Dr. Buck, like his predecessor, Dr. Beckwith, composed many anthems and services, his chief claim to distinction lay in the genius he showed as a trainer of the voice, and the unwearied pains and care which he bestowed upon the choristers. Under his auspices the Norwich choir came to be considered one of the first cathedral choirs in England. He spared no pains to obtain the best voices that Norwich or the neighbourhood could afford;



## Musical Sketches.

No. I.

## AN OLD BARITONE.

A FEW years ago I made up my mind to spend a winter at Dachstein. Every one knows Dachstein, and to know it is to love it, for Dachstein is one of the most charming of those art cities which are scattered so freely over the much-favoured German Fatherland. A great swiftly-flowing river, an opera-house, a picture-gallery, picturesque winding streets, ancient churches, bits of field and forest tumbled in among the shops and restaurants, and there you have Dachstein in a nut-shell.

At the time of which I write I had never visited this earthly paradise myself, but my musical friends had sung such paeans in its praise, and my artist friends had painted such highly-coloured word-pictures of its charms, that I felt sure it would suit my purpose. The fact was that I was engaged upon a musical composition of a more ambitious kind than I had yet attempted, and I fancied that I should be able to work with greater inspiration amid the sympathetic surroundings of a German art town, than in the smoke and fog of London.

It was already November when I found myself comfortably established in a couple of rooms on the first *étage* of an old house in that quarter of Dachstein which is chiefly inhabited by artists and musicians. As I had expected, I was delighted with the glimpse I got of the town as I drove from the station to my lodgings, for, in spite of the fact that the frosts and snow had begun in earnest, there was a warm homeliness about the place which made me feel as though I had known and loved it in some previous state of existence. Scarcely had I arrived before I inquired eagerly what opera was to be given that evening. No opera, I was told, but a play, the second part of Goethe's "Faust." It appeared that at the Hof Theatre, operas and classical plays were given on alternate evenings. After my two days' journey I did not feel quite equal to the second part of Goethe's "Faust," a masterpiece which, at the best of times, I am hardly able to appreciate, so I decided to spend my first evening quietly at home, with a pipe and a guide to Dachstein. My landlady consoled me for my disappointment by telling me that on the following evening I should have the opportunity of hearing "Zampa," with Löwenwald, the celebrated baritone, in the title-rôle.

Scarcely had I finished my supper, and settled down to my pipe and my guide-book, than I became conscious that some one was moving about in the next room, and that the partition between was very thin, for I could hear the piano being opened, the music-stool screwed up, and a book placed upon the desk. I listened and trembled. Alas! evidently my fellow-lodger was also a musician. Would he practise ten hours a day, and had he just begun the violin? If so, comfortable as my rooms were, I must fly from them as though they were infected by the plague.

Presently the unseen musician struck a chord, and then, sure enough, began to practise his scales. But what a voice! A baritone of great compass, beautiful quality, and so sympathetic a timbre, that a minor scale sounded like a wail of love and longing. So exquisite was the pleasure it gave me, that I hardly dared draw my breath for fear lest the singer should suspect he was overheard. Soon the scales came to an end, there was a short pause, and then I

heard the opening bars of some air I knew well, but could not at the moment put a name to. What was it? Ah! now I knew; it was Zampa's great aria, "Il faut céder à mes lois." I had heard it sung by famous baritones both in London and Paris, but it seemed to me that never before had I heard it declaimed with such dramatic force and passion. Scarcely had the last notes died away than I was startled by hearing a long-drawn sigh, almost a groan, which sounded as though it must be the outcome of some well-nigh unbearable grief. After a few minutes' pause the singer began again, but this time only practised bits of recitative and detached portions of airs, most of which I recognised as belonging to the part of Zampa. He seemed perfectly familiar with the music, and sang it all like the finished artist, he evidently was. But ever and anon came that profoundly mournful sigh, which made me wonder what sorrow a man could have which would not be amply compensated for by the possession of such a voice.

The next morning, when my landlady came for orders, my mysterious fellow-lodger was still in my mind, and I questioned her eagerly as to who and what he might be. The old lady looked confused, and hesitated before she answered my question. She was a comfortable old body, whose chief fault was that she was as anxious to improve her English as I was to improve my German. "Well, mister," she said at length, "that gentleman what sing so beautiful is Herr Löwenwald, the great baritone. But he won't bozzer you," she went on, for she was very proud of her English idioms. "Though he is opera-singer, he is also what we call 'solider Mensch,' awfully solid. And not young man no longer now," she concluded, with a little sigh.

"Oh, I'm not afraid," I answered in my best German, for I always insisted on talking her own language to her. "I am proud to live under the same roof with such a great man. Though Löwenwald has never honoured England with a visit, I've heard of him all my life." "Oh, that's all right," said the old lady, evidently much relieved. "Some of you English, you think a theatre an awfully bad place, and an opera-singer worse than a thief."

"Ah, we're a poor lot, we English," I replied, with conviction, for I have always found that when a German runs your country or your countrymen down, your best plan is complacently to agree with him or her. Then is he or she utterly nonplussed.

Late that afternoon, as I let myself into my lodgings after a long day's sight-seeing, I almost ran against my landlady, who was conversing in her usual strident tones to a man whom I guessed at once to be Löwenwald. He looked older than I expected, fifty at least, in spite of his tall upright figure. His hair was iron-gray, and his clear-cut features were thin and worn. He took off his hat to me with a melancholy courtesy as I passed him, and said, "Guten Tag." It was easy to see that, to him at least, fame had not brought happiness.

An hour later, I was on my way to the opera, in the company of a little stream of homely, comfortable-looking people, all evidently bound on the same errand. There were nice old ladies toddling along, each with her ticket tightly clasped in her shabby glove, a ticket which perhaps was the price of many a week's anxious saving. There were many pairs of school-girls in their plain morning frocks, a woollen scarf twisted round their heads, an umbrella in one hand, and an opera-glass in the other, yet thus completely equipped, even for the "erste Rang." It must be allowed that the Germans understand "l'art de s'amuser" better than we.

The Dachstein Court Theatre, though not large, is a model house; the acoustic properties, the ventilation, all the arrangements are excellent. The orchestra and chorus are beyond praise, and the company, if containing few "stars," is good "all round." The performances, too, are continued all the year round, with the exception of a month in the summer. I could not help comparing this state of things with the scratch companies and the six weeks' opera seasons to which we are treated in London. But then it must be remembered that Dachstein is a small and comparatively poor German town, and is consequently able to give a liberal grant towards the maintenance of a permanent opera, while London is only one of the largest and richest cities in the world, and must, therefore, in such matters, rely solely upon private enterprise.

But to return to Zampa. It was hard to believe that this Löwenwald, this gallant, picturesque figure, was the same person as the sad-eyed elderly man I had seen little over an hour before. It was marvellous how few signs of age his voice showed. True, it was not quite so powerful as I had imagined from hearing it only in a small room, the high notes did not always ring out with the freshness and resonance which they may have possessed in earlier days, and there was a slight tendency to vibrato. These defects, however, were far more than counterbalanced by the exquisite quality of the voice and by the unmistakable genius which Löwenwald displayed in the rendering of his part. The applause was tremendous for a German audience, especially when it is remembered that the majority of his hearers were familiar with the great baritone's wonderful performance. And yet, when all was over, and I was eating the substantial supper which it is the fashion at Dachstein to partake of at 10 P.M., and which somehow never interferes with one's night's rest, I heard in the adjoining room even bitterer sighs and groans than on the preceding evening. What secret grief could the successful opera-singer have upon his mind? He was surely past the age of love-troubles at least, so I, in all the arrogance of my five-and-twenty years, considered. Could he have committed some great crime, which was weighing upon his soul? No, one look at his face rendered such a suspicion impossible. I began at length to think that he must be rehearsing some dramatic effect, perhaps for a new part in which the baritone had to play the lovelorn hero.

The month of November passed rapidly away. I enjoyed the pleasant, easy-going, and at the same time hard-working life of the German city. I began to make acquaintance with some of the musicians, actors, and painters who throng the restaurants and other public haunts, and whose beer-drinking propensities are in such strange contrast to their picturesque appearance, and, often, brilliant conversational powers. Among these I never met my distinguished neighbour. Indeed, as far as I could make out, he was no great favourite with his colleagues, who considered that he gave himself airs, and held himself aloof from their little gatherings in a very unsociable manner. Still, whenever I met him on the stairs or landing, he always had a kindly greeting for me, and my landlady was loud in his praises. "He is such a jolly man," she was in the habit of saying, for she apparently believed that "jolly" was the only commendatory adjective contained in the English language.

I made a point of going to the opera whenever Löwenwald appeared, and in the course of the month heard him in the parts of Valentine, Don Juan, and the Toreador, and so admirable was his performance of each, that it would have



been difficult to say which suited him best. Meanwhile, however, his secret trouble seemed growing heavier and heavier, for it was no longer possible to believe that he was merely rehearsing a new effect. At length matters reached a climax. There had been a performance of Nessler's opera "Der Rattenfänger," in which the principal part is taken by a baritone, and a very arduous part it is. Löwenwald sang and acted with his accustomed fire and expression, still signs were not wanting that, carefully as he husbanded his resources, they were scarcely equal to the strain placed upon them. Perhaps he was not in good voice, for he certainly seemed to be singing with unusual effort, and when I looked through my opera-glasses I could see that his hands were shaking as if from excitement or nervousness. That night, as I sat smoking my pipe before turning in, I heard Löwenwald enter the next room, throw himself into a chair, and give vent to a paroxysm of such terrible weeping, that my blood seemed to freeze in my veins as I listened to it. Without giving myself time to reflect, I sprang up, and running out into the landing, tapped softly at the singer's door. I had to tap louder, and several times, before there was any cessation of the sobs. Then a hoarse voice called out "Who's there?" As I did not suppose that Löwenwald would know my unpronounceable English name, I hesitated a moment, and then replied, "Your neighbour. Pray let me come in." No answer. I tried the door, which was unlocked, and walked in. "The popular baritone," as the papers called him, was sitting at the table with his head on his arms, apparently in a perfect agony of grief.

"Oh, what is the matter?" I cried, with tears in my eyes, for I was young and impressionable. "Pray tell me if I can do anything to help you."

Löwenwald raised his head, and turned a despairing gaze upon me. If he had been a countryman of my own, he would have been ready to kill me for having witnessed his display of emotion. As it was, however, he did not appear ashamed of his weakness. Perhaps his grief was too great to leave any room for self-consciousness. He answered hopelessly,—"No one can help me, neither God nor man. I am the most miserable wretch on the face of the earth."

"But won't you tell me what is the matter?" I persisted, half-frightened at my own audacity. "Sometimes it is a relief only to talk about one's troubles."

He smiled bitterly.

"I should have thought you might have guessed my trouble," he said. "Can't you see that my voice—my beautiful voice—is going? I have sacrificed everything to it all my life, and when it is gone I shall have nothing left to live for."

"Surely you have other interests in life?" I suggested. "Relations—friends—books."

"No," he answered moodily, "none of these are anything to me. To make friends a man must frequent restaurants and billiard-rooms, smoke, drink, and otherwise ruin his voice and waste his time. Now, my sole aim and object has always been to preserve my voice at its best, and to perfect myself in my art. Few men at upwards of fifty have a voice like mine, though it is but the ghost of its former self."

"And yet even now it is the most beautiful voice I ever heard," I put in, "and the critics seem to be of the same opinion. Think of the ovations you receive night after night. The Dachstein audiences are supposed to be cold and difficult to move, yet they never weary of applauding Löwenwald."

He shook his head sadly.

"The critics have not found it out yet," he

said. "The decay has been gradual, and a great name survives a great voice for a time; but they will soon turn and rend me with all the more gusto, that they have so long been compelled to sing my praises. And yet," he went on, "I am a greater artist now than I ever was when my voice was in its prime. That is the bitterest pang of all. Only within the last few years, since my voice began to fade, have I understood how to throw my whole soul into the conception of my parts."

I was silent a moment. It seemed difficult to know what consolation to offer in such a case. The clock struck twelve.

"It is late," I said, "but before I leave you I should like to ask a favour of you. Will you allow me to come in sometimes and spend half-an-hour with you in the evening. I think it would be better for both of us than sitting in our lonely rooms, with no better companions than our own thoughts."

"I daresay you are right," he replied, with mechanical politeness. "We are told that it is not good for man to live alone, though I never could see that Eve's companionship brought Adam any advantage. Still, I shall be very glad to see you if you care to spend to-morrow evening with me."

I accepted this not over-cordial invitation gladly, for two reasons. In the first place, I was really afraid lest the great singer's mind should give way if he continued to brood over his misfortunes in solitude; and, in the second place, I had heard some wonderful accounts of a collection of musical instruments which Löwenwald had gradually got together during the thirty years that his artistic career had lasted, and which only a favoured few had ever been allowed to see.

The next evening, when admitted by Löwenwald into the inner sanctuary where he kept his treasures, I found that, for once, report had not lied. The collection, though small, was worthy in interest and value of a king's palace, and included not only musical instruments, but also volumes of compositions by old and once celebrated composers, of whom the ordinary musician knows not so much as the name, but with whom Löwenwald was as well acquainted as with Bach or Beethoven. Then there were shelves upon shelves of books, old and new, but all relating in one form or another to the art which their owner loved so well. Last of all, an iron chest was unlocked, from which a small quantity of precious autograph music was produced, upon which I was allowed to gaze reverently, as upon some sacred relics.

Interesting, however, as all these treasures were, they were quite equalled in interest by the conversation of their owner. I soon found that Löwenwald, like most lonely men, was a great talker when he had a companion. For my part, I was only too glad to listen. It is not often that one has the chance of sitting at the feet of a man who has been intimately acquainted with most of the distinguished musicians and singers who have flourished during the last quarter of a century, and I constantly found myself wishing that I had pen and paper, and a sufficient knowledge of shorthand, to enable me to write down a few of the interesting anecdotes with which my companion overflowed.

That evening proved to be only the first of many similar ones which we spent together. It was not long before I discovered a remarkable fact about Löwenwald, which I fancy would have rendered him an interesting study to a psychologist. Extraordinarily well informed as he was on all matters connected, directly or indirectly, with music, his mind appeared to present an absolute blank where any other sub-

ject was concerned. From motives of curiosity I often endeavoured to turn the conversation into different channels, but always with the same result as far as he was concerned—either absolute ignorance or absolute indifference, I could not be quite sure which. For example, he frankly avowed that he found it impossible to understand the passion which some people felt for pictures—"dumb, lifeless things," as he contemptuously called them. It was almost incredible, too, how little he knew of general literature. Of Shakespeare's plays he had only read those which had formed the subjects for operatic librettos, and he confessed that he had never been able to get through any of the works of Schiller or Goethe beyond the "Wilhelm Tell" of the one, and the "Faust" of the other. I tried him on foreign travel, with no better result. He had travelled in almost every country in Europe, except England, which he had always carefully avoided, because he had heard that the English were an unmusical nation. I soon discovered, however, that he knew nothing whatever of the various towns through which he had passed, beyond that one possessed a good theatre, another a famous conservatoire, while a third was the birth-place of some celebrated musician. He had been in Rome without visiting the Vatican, and in Venice without setting foot inside the Doge's Palace.

It was fortunate that I, like himself, was *fanatico per la musica*, so that the conversation readily drifted back to the one all-absorbing topic, and we mutually considered each other the best of company.

Time passed rapidly away, as time at Dachstein always does, and Christmas came and went with its usual obligato accompaniments of feasting, dancing, and present-giving. The merry-making which was going on around him seemed to disagree with Löwenwald, for he complained more than ever of being out of voice and out of spirits, and finally decided to apply at once for the annual six weeks' leave, which is granted to all the principal soloists at the Dachstein Theatre, over and above the summer holiday. Of course his petition was granted; I doubt whether the authorities would have refused him anything he asked for fear of losing their "bright, particular star." It must not be supposed that Löwenwald was going to take a holiday. Idleness would have been the worst of all penances to him. He had made up his mind to accept some of the flattering invitations he was constantly receiving to appear "als gast" at the principal theatres of Germany. After his departure it was tantalizing to read, in the little fly-leaves which do duty for newspapers in the Fatherland, of the splendid receptions which the great baritone met with wherever he appeared. Surely, I thought, after receiving the ungrudging homage of all the most critical cities in Europe, Löwenwald can no longer bewail his lost voice. Meanwhile, his absence made itself sadly felt in the musical world of Dachstein, and I was probably not the only person who rejoiced when his leave came to an end, and the theatrical bills announced that he would make his first appearance after his return as Figaro in "Il Barbiere."

Löwenwald certainly came back looking the better both in health and spirits for the change, and even allowed that his voice had regained something of its former power. He made light, however, of the triumphs he had achieved, and declared that if it had not been for the name he had acquired, he would probably have been hissed off the stage. I was looking forward with great pleasure to hearing him again as Figaro, for his representation of the gay and gallant barber was decidedly one of his "Hapu-



trollen." I had heard that the people of Dachstein intended to give their favourite an ovation on his first appearance after his absence, but I was scarcely prepared, when the evening came, for the reception Figaro met with as he bounded on the stage.

The theatre was crowded, from the royal box, where sat the Serene Transparency who nominally rules over Dachstein, down, or rather up, to the fifth tier where all the good people who had sixpence to bless themselves with had secured seats. The shouts, the bouquets, and the laurel wreaths which greeted Löwenwald were enough to shake the self-possession of the most experienced artist. He, however, appeared quite unmoved, only a little bored at being compelled to remember his own personality, instead of forgetting himself in his part.

As soon as he was allowed to proceed, Löwenwald began to sing in a manner which fairly electrified me. His voice sounded so fresh and strong, and seemed to be produced so entirely without effort, that it was almost impossible to believe that the singer was a man of over half a century. Surely, I thought, even in his prime he never can have sung better than this. The audience appeared to be of the same opinion, for they so far forgot their respect for art as to applaud vigorously after each of his solos without waiting for the fall of the drop-scene.

Throughout the performance I dreaded lest Löwenwald should be unable to keep up to the standard of excellence with which he had begun, and as the last act drew to a close I breathed more freely. But the end was not yet. Whether it was that he had been over-exerting himself, or whether the excitement had proved too much for him, will never now be known; enough that on a prolonged high note his voice suddenly broke, and he made what the French expressively call a "couac." It was very slight, and was probably only remarked by those who, like myself, were in close proximity to the stage; but I saw that Löwenwald's face had grown ashen-grey under his paint, and I instinctively felt that I should never hear him sing again.

A few minutes more and the curtain fell for the last time. The audience shouted vociferously for Löwenwald, but though Rosina, Almaviva, and Basilio came forward and bowed, no Figaro made his appearance. Suddenly, through all the tumult came what sounded like the distant report of a pistol-shot. The applause instantly ceased, and the people looked at one another with questioning faces. In another moment the manager appeared before the curtain, and in tones, the evident agitation of which he strove in vain to conceal, apologized for the non-appearance of Herr Löwenwald, who, he said, having been much exhausted by his recent efforts, had gone home. Thereupon the audience dispersed, not, however, without much questioning as to what the noise could have been that sounded so like a pistol-shot.

The next morning the mystery was cleared up. The *Dachstein Zeitung* contained an account of a dreadful tragedy that had taken place at the Hof Theatre the night before. It appeared that at the close of the performance Löwenwald had gone straight to his dressing-room, where, as was well known, by some whim, he kept a revolver always on the table. It was supposed that he took up the revolver carelessly, forgetting that it was loaded, for when the manager went to his room to beg him to respond to the calls of the audience, he found him lying on the floor, shot through the head. The writer of the paragraph quite repudiated all idea of suicide. "What reason could there be," he asked, "for a great singer,

still in the height of his popularity both at home and abroad, to take his own life?"

I knew better. I knew that Löwenwald had not been able to survive the first public proof that his voice was failing,—his first disgrace. That wonderful performance of Figaro, which none who heard it will ever forget, was the great baritone's swan song.

## Verdi at Home.

THE following sketch from the pen of the Italian writer, Giuseppe Giacomo, is perhaps the most interesting of the numerous pictures of Verdi in his domestic relations:—

I have just returned from the villa of Sant' Agata, near Busseto, where Giuseppe Verdi generally passes five or six months of the year in industrious country leisure. The commodious and quiet villa, hidden in a large group of gigantic trees, all planted by the master, gives signs of the long custom of the hospitable care which suggests and satisfies the most fastidious desires without the least appearance of exertion or etiquette. As soon as one enters the house one is assimilated to it, and it seems to adopt some of one's habits and ways, and to impart some of its own. At first sight you say, "That is just what I like," and in half an hour you feel as if you had lived there for six months.

The house was planned by its master. The furniture is rich without excess or restriction—rich with that kind of decent and quiet luxury which does not care for show. There are pictures by Morelli and Michetti, ancient prints, inlaid and carved furniture two or three centuries old, a fine library, rare editions, curious albums, collections of artistic souvenirs, all arranged so as to catch your eye without offending it. The master is like the house—hospitable without fuss and bustle. The guest's natural fear of intruding on him is appeased the very first day. At the very beginning you say to yourself, "What a blessing! My host pursues his own life and does not trouble himself about my affairs." But on the second or third day, when you find that he always appears at the very moment you want to find him; that through the open doors you can see him at any hour occupied in pursuits which it is not indiscreet to interrupt, and that, when you enter the room next to his, he salutes you in a friendly manner, you are persuaded that he is always exercising a vigilant and considerate courtesy, conscious of your reserve, and determined to spare you any doubt of being importunate to him.

Verdi has often been called a rough and disdainful man, but whoever considers his works must acknowledge that he is one of the men who have lost least time; that a too accommodating manner is the cause of incalculable loss of time, and that in the judgment of those who dispense the patents of courtesy and affability, one can never be courteous and affable enough. Any one who arrives at the degree of celebrity won by Verdi in his youth becomes the target of a hundred thousand petitioners, starers, vain or fanatic men, philanthropists, traders, uncomprehended geniuses, zealous counsellors, suggestors of new inventions or new artistic methods, who each ask for only ten minutes time, but altogether occupy ten hours of the precious day. In order to convince them that he has no time to lose, the poor man would employ as much time as to listen to them.

I asked Madame Verdi whether the maestro was thinking of any new work. The good and distinguished lady, who is really the guardian angel of her husband, replied, "For mercy's sake let him rest; don't you think he has worked enough?" And the maestro, although I dared not interrogate him, repeated exactly the same thing, which, however, would not prevent him from setting to work to-morrow with youthful ardour. To hear him converse and see him walk, you would take Verdi to be in the prime of life. I remember that at Milan, on the evening of "Otello," while the crowd applauded

below his window, he said to me, fixing his deep and shining eyes on my face, "If I was forty years younger, I would begin to work again to-morrow." I am convinced that, under the stimulus of some new idea he would actually grow younger by forty years. The warm passion, the masculine anguish that palpates in every note of "Otello," proves it. A really old man does not love and suffer so. This immense dramatic force cannot be only the fruit of knowledge. To pray like Desdemona, to weep and despair and go mad like Othello, the fire of the composer's soul must be covered with very few ashes, and ready to burst into flame.

Two days after the first performance of "Otello" I dined with the maestro and his wife. Of course we spoke of the opera, and the great fatigue it must have caused. All at once the maestro, who while we were talking had gradually become thoughtful, exclaimed, "How sad it is to have finished it! How solitary I feel! Till now, as soon as I woke I took up all the love, the rage, the jealousy, the deceit of my personages. I said to myself, 'To-day I must write that scene;' and if it did not come to my mind I armed myself for a struggle, certain of victory, and then, when my task was finished, there remained the rehearsals, the doubts, the study to clearly explain my thought to the actors, to make them act in my way; the scenic inventions which the representative reality suggested to me, and I returned home still agitated by the splendid theatrical life, glad when my intentions were realized, meditating on what I proposed to arrive at on the morrow, so that I felt no fatigue, and was not conscious of my age. But now? Now that 'Otello' belongs to the public, it ceases to be mine, it separates itself from me entirely, and the place it held within me was so large that I feel an enormous vacancy, and think that I can never again fill it up." This discouragement and regret are the signs of the vital power that still exists in Verdi's genius, intolerant of repose. Do not let us hurry it, nor stimulate it. If repose is good for him, let it come full and joyous, but we will comfort ourselves with the thought that Verdi's name is not only one of the glories, but still one of the hopes of Italian art.

The maestro never commences a conversation on art, but he does not avoid it. The other day he spoke of Italian music. He believes that our youths ought to return to the love and study of song which is our peculiar privilege. And he did not say this in aversion of German music, of which he is a warm admirer, but because he believes that song is natural to us by reason of our soil and climate. Once, a long time ago, a German musician said to him, talking of general tendencies, "You Italians don't know how to compose a symphony." "You Germans don't know how to compose a song," retorted Verdi. And he explained the evident reasons of the excellence of the Germans in instrumental music and of the Italians in song. The long winters, the deep snows, the fogs, the squalid and desolate winter landscapes cause people in Germany to shut themselves up in warm rooms and amuse the slow hours with quartettes and quintettes. But who in Naples can endure to remain within the house for even half a day? And when one goes into the open air, the splendid sky, the glorious sunshine, and the beautiful earth force your lips to utter a song which is the natural expression of a lively and spontaneous movement of the soul.

MISS MEREDYTH ELLIOTT gave her annual concert on Tuesday, November 29th, at Prince's Hall. If anything would testify to the popularity of the fair singer, it would be that every seat in the large hall was sold, though the weather was not at all inviting. Miss Elliott sang four songs with taste and expression; her clear enunciation and sympathetic voice being specially telling in the songs, "In a Fairer Land," and "The Old Sun-dial," and in "The Lost Chord," and "For Ever and for Ever;" the latter two she sang in response to persistent encores. She was ably assisted by Miss Margaret Hoare (soprano), Mr. Joseph Heald and Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys (tenors), Mr. Bantock Pierpoint (baritone), who sang "The Dying Chief" with vigour, Mr. Howard Reynold (cornet à pistons), Miss Kate Chaplin (violin), Mr. A. G. Pritchard (musical sketch), and Mr. Sidney Naylor (conductor).



# A Russian Violin.

BY HENRI GREVILLE.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

HELEN and Demiane, accompanied by Mme. Moutine, had returned home without having exchanged a word. Each felt that a little repose and reflection was necessary to permit them to consider wisely the new situation which the young artist had just created by a single word. At the threshold of their rooms they exchanged "Good-night," without even the usual hand-shake, and separated instantly.

Victor received his brother with two or three commonplace questions,—he had not expected him home so early; how had the evening passed?

"Very well," replied Demiane, with a pre-occupied air; "the Prince has had an attack, and the Princess has dismissed us."

Victor looked at him twice to assure himself that he was not joking, but the young violinist had not the air of wishing to mystify any one.

"In the name of heaven, brother, what is the matter?" cried Victor, placing his hand on Demiane's shoulder, and trying to read his face.

"I'm going to marry little Helen!" said Demiane, with a melancholy air.

The poor hunchback took away his hand, looked at his brother with profound astonishment, then suddenly a cry burst from his oppressed heart,—

"You, Demiane? oh, how pleased I am!"

He was so pleased that he threw himself on his bed, and hid his face in the pillow, sobbing.

"Is this the effect the news produces?" said Demiane, less angry than surprised.

Victor rose, dried his tears, and held out his arms to his brother, saying,—

"Forgive me; it is joy."

"Curious joy," said Demiane, allowing himself to be embraced, but without showing any enthusiasm.

The two brothers sat down opposite one another, and looked at each other for an instant.

"And she," said Victor, "what does she say?"

"What she?"

"Helen, my sister Helen."

"Your sister Helen says nothing at all."

"How! Nothing? Is she not glad?"

"I suppose so," replied Demiane, with a slight fatuous smile.

He certainly thought that little Helen was glad. He thought it strange, however, that she said nothing on their homeward journey; but he had not broken silence himself.

"I do not understand," said Victor hesitatingly. "How is it that you do not know what she thinks?"

"We were not alone," replied Demiane unwillingly, for the recital of what had happened "down there" appeared to him rather difficult.

"It was at the Princess's?"

"Yes."

"Before every one?"

"Good gracious! How many more questions?" said Demiane.

In any other circumstances, Victor, seeing his reluctance, would have ceased questioning and waited till the next day, when he would have obtained any further information he desired; but Helen's happiness was too dear to him, and he continued,—

"Does the Princess know it?" he asked, touching upon the painful point with a precision which made Demiane tremble.

"Yes."

"Then," replied Victor, with growing emotion, which this time was partly due to joy, "you have broken with the Princess?"

"Yes," cried Demiane, almost furious. "And now do you know enough?"

"Oh, brother, how glad I am!" cried the noble fellow, heartily and unreservedly this time.

He seized his brother in his arms with joyous abandonment, and, suddenly raising his hand, he made over his rebellious head the sign of the cross.

"In the name of our absent father, Demiane, I bless you in your new life," he said gravely.

The artist suddenly bowed his head, and remained in that position under his elder brother's hand. The image of their father was present to them both, recalling the domestic hearth and filial duty.

"Listen to me, Victor," said the young man in a calmer voice, "I am going to tell you what happened this evening, and you will tell me if I have done well."

Resolved on this confession, he made it honestly, scrupulously withholding nothing, and adding nothing to the truth; and when he had finished, he waited in silence for what his elder brother would say to him.

"Helen has not answered your question?" said the latter in a doubtful tone.

"No! What need was there of an answer?"

"Well, brother, I am not sure that she will accept."

Demiane rose with a start.

"And why?" he was commencing. His brother stopped him by a gesture, pointing to the door of the salon which separated their room from that of Helen and her mother.

"Because she may have understood that you did not wish to marry her for her own sake."

Demiane lowered his head and walked up and down the room in an agitated manner.

"Confound all the women!" said he, preparing to go to bed.

"Not all," protested Victor, with a half smile; "only one."

The next day Demiane awoke early,—he had scarcely slept; leaving Victor asleep, for he had not enjoyed a refreshing night either, and softly opening the door of the salon, he entered, shut it behind him, and went to the window, to inhale the fresh morning air.

Want of sleep had left him feverish and hot; the fresh wind which blew about the curls on his forehead did him good, and calmed his agitation. Whilst with his hand resting on the window ledge he was looking beyond the town to the summit of the mountain, which stretched in successive stages far into the sky, he heard a door open, and turned round quickly, thinking it was his brother. It was Helen, who, moved by the same desire for solitude and fresh air, was leaving the room where her mother was sleeping, and came to enjoy the morning coolness. She had closed the door before noticing Demiane.

Deceived by the artist's idle habits, she was expecting to see Victor instead of his brother. However, Helen was valiant, she let go the door and took two steps forward. Demiane approached her. She bowed to him. He placed chairs in the recess at the window. She sat down on one, and he remained standing before her, leaning on another. They both felt that this interview, which they had not sought, would decide their future existence.

"Victor said something to me yesterday evening which frightened me," commenced Demiane uneasily. "He thinks that you do not consent to marry me; however, yesterday you did not say 'No,' Helen. His fear is ill-founded, is it not?"

She listened motionless, her little white peignoir did not move; with her hands clasped on her knees, her head slightly inclined, she looked like a statue of Attention.

"Yesterday," she replied softly, for she did not wish to wake those who were asleep close by, "I could not answer you. You disposed of me, without my consent, and I did not wish it; it was a means of revenge which you had in your power, and you made use of it, which was very natural."

"Then you consent?" said Demiane, doubtfully, not knowing whether he was to rejoice or be sorry.

"No," said little Helen softly, drooping her head.

Demiane bit his lips, and let go the back of the chair. This mortified him, and even caused him some sorrow.

"I quite understand that you desire to make the Princess believe that I consented," replied Helen, with the same calmness; "and during the time that we still remain,—a few days, is it not?"

"We will go to-morrow, if you like," said Demiane.

"Thank you; till then, you will not contradict the assertion that you made yesterday about—about this marriage. When we have left this country we shall each resume our liberty; and if by and by you see any one who asks you why we have not kept to our engagement, you can reply that we have changed our minds."

"Then," said Demiane, completely upset by the calm way in which she was arranging matters, "you refuse to marry me?"

"You do not love me," replied Helen quietly. Her cheeks paled slightly while she spoke, and she turned away.

He looked at her in surprise. She loved him, and she refused him because he did not love her! What a noble, proud soul does this little Helen own!

He looked at her with new respect. For some time his respect for her had been gradually increasing, and now it was complete. Then he felt hurt at the judgment she had passed on him. How could she know that he did not love her?

"But I do love you, Helen," he replied timidly, in a tone of entreaty.

She shook her head with that melancholy sweetness which made her so charming.

"Oh no," she said; "you do not love me enough. You like to be loved, Demiane, but you do not love yourself."

He felt that she was speaking the truth, but in these words he discovered a new hope.

"If you love me—a little. I love you more than you think, and we can be very happy."

She made a sign of dissent.

"You would be very happy; you would love me just sufficiently to come home whenever you met with rebuffs elsewhere; you would be pleased to find your things in order, your drawers tidy, to have good music to distract you, a good accompaniment—not too good, however; you'd not care to be accompanied too well, Demiane; and when you were rested, contented, recovered, you would return to the world, and make your court to some Princess. You would be very happy, Demiane, and I should be very unhappy."

The young man had blushed with shame at first, afterwards with anger. He restrained himself, however.

"How well you know life!" he said bitterly. "But do you not fear that by thinking so much about your own happiness you will become a perfect egotist?"

"Egotist!" she replied, smiling; "that is a word we shall share together, if you like; and



do you not see what a singular union ours would be? we would quarrel unceasingly!"

"For some time back, it is true," replied Demiane; "formerly we agreed."

"Because I used to give way," replied Helen gently.

"And why do you not give way now?"

She blushed. It was only since she loved him that she opposed him—since the time when she began to hope one day to see him worthy of the love which she was already generously bestowing upon him beforehand.

"Because it is only children and idiots whom we give their own way to," said she; "it is a mark of esteem to struggle against those who are self-deceived."

"Am I self-deceived?"

"At least once, when you thought that I should marry you."

Demiane was vanquished. It is always hard to be vanquished; but the first defeat is the worst.

"Then you refuse definitely?" he said, sad and humiliated.

She nodded assent.

"For ever?"

Here she felt herself giving way. For ever! That was too cruel. What if she discouraged him, and cast him back into new perils!

She blushed, and in spite of herself her eyes filled with tears.

He took her hand with genuine tenderness. How much dearer she became to him in proportion as her refusal became more clear and decided! At the thought that she might be separated far from him, that he might lose all the domestic joys which she had ironically pictured to him a moment ago, he was seized with regret, which much resembled love.

"I can't tell," she said in a quivering voice, what may happen by and by."

He sat down near her, taking in his her little cold, trembling hand. Since she refused him, they would be separated; he would lose the charm of her presence,—those calm and meditative eyes which guessed his thoughts so well—had given so much joy to his life!

She attempted to withdraw her hand, but he retained it; she turned away her head, but too late.

A tear had just fallen on her gown, and Demiane had seen it.

"You are weeping, Helen," he said to her, feeling a sad sweetness in his heart, and becoming bolder than he would have believed himself capable of being with this young girl, for whom he had cared so little. "You are weeping, because it costs you so much to part from me. It is true, is it not? you love me? Why do you wish to refuse the happiness which comes to you?"

"Yes, you are right," she said; "what is the good of lying? and I can't lie. Yes, I love you; I love you more than life, more than my happiness, and that is why I will not marry you. I don't want to get one day to hate you, to despise you, perhaps. I should despise you if you were such a husband as you offered yesterday evening. A man who could have taken me out of spite, out of anger, to escape an awkward situation, and who would despise me—yes, despise me for having accepted him, when I knew that he did not love me! If I accepted you to-day, Demiane, you would think I was unable to resist my love for you—that I prized the happiness of being your wife more than my honour, my dignity, my whole future. No; I love you, and I shall not marry you while you do not return my love—a love which counts the esteem of him whom it loves before everything in the world."

"Helen," cried Demiane, overcome, seized with admiration for the character which was

thus revealed to him, "you shall be loved as you wish, I swear it. Oh, I did not know you!"

"I know," she said, resuming the melancholy gentleness which was so natural to her.

She dried her eyes, and looked sadly out of the window.

"But I know you now, and I shall love you! Dear Helen, only one prayer,—do not leave me! Let me continue to live near you, and to learn by your example what I do not know, and by and by perhaps—Yes, is it not so?"

Helen had struggled hard; she was weary, and gave in.

"Let us go to Moscow," she said; "there we shall separate."

"We shall see, shall we not? That is not your final decision? Oh, we shall see!"

He kissed her hand, which he had regained; and if Cleopatra could have seen him, she would have been cut to the heart, for he had never shown so profound respect for *her* or so much tenderness.

"We shall speak of it to no one," said the young girl. "Mamma knows nothing of it; she will remain in ignorance."

"Not always, Helen?" implored Demiane, as she was leaving him.

She smiled feebly, and returned to her room.

"She is an angel, Victor!" said our friend, going to his brother, whom he found dressed, and waiting impatiently for the termination of the interview. "Have you heard?"

"You spoke loudly enough. Yes, she is an angel; and anybody but you would have known it."

## CHAPTER XLIX.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND CONFIDANTS,—In spite of my aversion to confidants, come to my help! I am positively losing my head, and if either of you infer from this that my head is not very sound, imagine yourself in my place. If you have any compassion for a poor lone man in a fix, you will start on receipt of this letter, and you will see for yourself if there exists under the sun a more embarrassed man than I am.

I think I told you in my last letter that my domestic sprite had opened her lips for the sole purpose of forbidding me to hunt. Since then I have vainly argued that there is a difference between fur and feathers, saying that I should respect the little birds, but that I should much like to shoot a rabbit. . . . Fur or feather, it is the same thing to her, and the rabbits on the steppe may expect to attain a great age, unless I wring their necks. . . . But what is the use of rabbits if one cannot eat them! And do you see how my game would be received here? I shudder to think of it!

My sprite knows how to read and write; she has even some odd and unintelligible notions about what is commonly called, and I do not know why, Holy Scripture; for assuredly nothing is less revered, and so . . . But we are wandering from the subject. She is not sure that Jews and Israelites are the same people, but then she is at home with the history of Joseph; and the other day, when I suggested that rabbits are an excellent accompaniment to sour cream, she told me that I was as barbarous as this patriarch's brothers. I think that in order to inspire me with more respect she has raked up all her available knowledge, but this rustic maiden has only a smattering of what is called the indispensable.

The other day I was wandering about the steppe, as Parisians wander in the Bois de Boulogne,—it is the *ne plus ultra* of my worldliness; but the sun was so hot that I returned unusually early. On going to my room, which is the coolest in the house, what did I see? This extraordinary girl seated on the floor, almost doubled up with her great attention, reading in my *Lermontof* the sad history of Bela. At sight of me she jumped up like a child caught in an act of disobedience, and made for the door with my book, but she was seized with remorse. Though

her ideas concerning property are as odd as she has shown the rest of her education to be, poor child, she considers that my books are more my own than my house, for she stopped on the threshold and turned round with a pretty childish gesture while she tried to look unconcerned.

"May I take it?" she said, pointing to the volume.

"Certainly, mademoiselle," I replied, with a low bow.

She graciously bowed her thanks and disappeared. I was curious enough to follow her to see what she would do with her plunder. She took refuge in an arbour of Virginia creepers at the end of the garden, and sat down on the ground. It is her favourite posture. She devoured the tale, great tears falling down her cheeks uninterruptedly, and I saw her bury her head in her hands. She had finished the chapter.

She wept so bitterly that I felt it against my conscience to leave her so unhappy. I approached with all possible precaution, and said in my sweetest voice,—

"Do not cry, Mouza, it is not true."

She looked at me through her tangled hair. My friends, you do not know how pretty she is!

"It is not true," I repeated; "it is only a tale."

"It is not true!" she naively said. "You are telling me a lie. And they have killed her,—this poor Bela! With a dagger! The wretches! And Petchorine did not love her; he was a wretch too!"

She spoke, of her own accord! the opportunity was too good to lose, and I profited by it to give her a short sketch of our Russian literature. She listened with a disdain which plainly showed me how indifferent all these things were to her. When, after a burst of eloquence, I had finished speaking, she rose, shook back her hair, and would have walked off with my book. I held out my hand.

"I will take it," she said; "you have given it to me."

"Only to finish reading Bela's history, and that is finished. Give me back the book, the rest of it is uninteresting."

She hesitated, and I thought for a moment that she was going to run away with my little volume, in which case I should have been obliged to give it up or regain it by force; but she gave in for the first time in her life, I think, and very reluctantly returned her treasure.

"I know a great many tales," I said to her; "I could tell them to you, but you detest me, and will never speak to me."

She threw me a glance in which confusion, reproach, curiosity, and something besides, very sweet and fugitive, were strangely mixed, and she lowered her head. This was a victory. I retired majestically, carrying off my trophy.

That evening, after dinner, instead of retiring as she had always done after dessert, she rose slowly, sought the servant, and gave her a mysterious order; instantly after, all my implements for smoking were brought in, an attention as delicate as unexpected, and she resumed her seat opposite me.

I smoked in silence; from time to time she stifled a little sigh of impatience; at last, seeing that I was as motionless as a granite sphinx, she said to me in a supplicating voice,—

"Tell me a tale!"

And from that time, my friends, I tell her tales all day long! She accompanies me in my walks, prepares my cigarettes, questions me often, answers me as little as possible, and evidently considers me in the new light of a portable encyclopædia, easy to consult while travelling, as you may read in the prospectuses of encyclopædias in two volumes where you can never find what you seek. This *role* of dictionary is both charming and perilous. Mouza is exceedingly pretty—as pretty as uncivilised, but she does not suspect it; she appears to have the sort of feeling for me with which one regards an old horse on whose back children may safely be trusted, and I do not feel myself born to take the post of tutor to young ladies; I do not know what to do. Yesterday I spoke of taking a journey to Moscow to fetch all my violins, finished and unfinished; she commenced by sulking, and this evening I see that she



has been crying. My friends, my dear friends, come and rescue me; and, as your ladies are kind and compassionate, beg them to come with you to try and entice Mouza away to some school,—never mind where. This life is no longer bearable, and I was very stupid not to have foreseen at first that it must come to this. Reply by return with your advice. I am awaiting your arrival, which would be best of all. —Your much embarrassed friend,

ANDRÉ LADOF.

Demiane was alone when this letter arrived at Piatigorsk; he read it two or three times attentively, then began to pace the room. Helen had gone out with her mother to make some purchases, and Victor was busy preparing for their departure.

After some minutes' reflection, he sat down at his desk and wrote on a sheet of paper:—"If you would be happy and without reproach, marry her. —Your friend, Demiane." After which he sealed up the letter and resumed his walk.

The death of the Prince had delayed their return. Raben, who had come to announce it to the young artist, advised him to wait a few days.

"You have been well received at the Villa," said the diplomatist kindly; "the Prince has shown you great friendship; it is only proper that you should remain to the funeral service, which will take place here before the remains are taken to Moscow, where they will be placed in the family vault."

It was thus that in memory of the friendship which the Prince had felt for him—only a Raben could have invented this friendship!—Demiane sent his condolences to the Princess, and attended the funeral service in the salon draped with black in which was the coffin surrounded by candles. He saw the Princess there during the prayers, which lasted hours; she was more beautiful than ever in her long crape veil, prostrating herself with all the dignity of a widow who had fulfilled her duty to the last.

That night of anguish had altered her; she was paler; her eyes were sunken; her statuesque beauty seemed softened by grief. The people who surrounded her were astonished at the ravages caused by a loss which they deemed of so little consequence; the Prince was not interesting enough to cause much regret at his death; and if Cleopatra's deportment had not been so irreproachable that no one could accuse her of parading her sorrow, she might perhaps have been taxed with overdoing it. But she did not speak of her loss; her hauteur permitted neither allusion nor consolation, and what she really felt remained her own secret.

She was broken-hearted, as the good people said; the death of her fetish coinciding with Demiane's rebellion had appeared to her as the finger of destiny. Without asking herself why she had merited this chastisement more than another, she had bowed her head submitting to it as a chastisement; and for her proud soul nothing was more terrible than to submit. She saw Demiane, recognised him as she did others, but did not speak. She spoke to no one save Raben, who naturally took charge of the business consequent on the Prince's death. Demiane himself, when bowing to the widow, felt no return of that feeling of admiration which had made him act so madly before. The Princess had been chastised by fate as well as by himself; he was satisfied, and even forgave her. Now he was sure that he had never loved her; for one does not recover from love so soon.

Once only he was troubled by a passing emotion. The day fixed for the funeral ceremonies,—a magnificent service had been held in the church,—he was there with every one else, and behind him, as Raben was giving orders to the porters, he heard these words,—

"The Count gives himself a great deal of trouble."

"What else could you expect? it is very natural when one wishes to move into a house to help to move out those who lived in it before."

"Will she marry him?"

"They say so! it has been spoken of at Moscow, and even at the Court, for the last ten years. They will make him an ambassador."

Demiane trembled at the idea of seeing Raben take the place which he had himself occupied so short a time before; he thought that it was not his place, but the Prince's which the future ambassador would take, made him shrug his shoulders with a smile of pity. After about a week the Princess started with her husband's body. If the authorities would have permitted her to travel about with it for the remainder of her life, she would have been content; for then she would not have been separated from what remained of her talisman. This woman, who feared nothing else, felt a superstitious fear of what would happen when the sepulchral stone should have fallen on her husband's body! Raben had remained at Piatigorsk; but he left it in order to arrive at Moscow as soon as the Princess, who had travelled by short stages. Our friends, whom nothing now detained, left the town next day.

Demiane, thinking of Ladof's letter, recalled many different emotions, and mentally compared the life which he had led with his friend's. Would André do what he had failed to do himself? Would he pass his happiness by without knowing it, preoccupied as he was with other dreams and fancies? This young girl of whom he spoke was imperfect no doubt, uncultivated, fantastical, but she was kind and tender to children and animals; she was intelligent; what could not one do with a girl of sixteen years endowed with so many good qualities in spite of her defects? Defects? What did it matter! Demiane had his defects, he knew it now; he thought he had even more than he really had; and yet he hoped that Helen would one day be his.

After concluding these meditations, he took his letter to the post. When he returned he overheard Victor saying to the ladies,—

"To-morrow morning at eight o'clock."

"So soon?" said Helen, a little regretfully.

"Would you like to remain longer?"

"Oh no! But we must leave Madame Moutine, and that makes me feel very sorry."

Demiane did not hear his brother's reply, which was said so softly that only Helen could hear it.

"And I also am very sorry, more sorry than you think perhaps; but I have some consolation in your accompanying us."

She smiled and looked at Victor doubtfully.

"You are sorry?" she said. "I did not know that you were such a great friend of Madame Moutine's; she is kind to every one, but"—

Victor hesitated an instant, then decided to sacrifice his feelings and put between himself and Helen an impassable barrier. They were alone, for Demiane was chatting with Madame Mianof at the foot of the staircase.

"At the risk of appearing ridiculous to you," he said, "I am going to tell you the secret of my life; a poor hunchback can love too, provided he keeps his love to himself. Madame Moutine, long before her marriage, was my ideal woman. I took to you immediately, sister Helen, because you resemble her,—and now forget that I have been foolish enough to love, and vain enough to tell you of it."

Helen held out her hand to Victor with a mixture of compassion and tenderness. In spite of her great charity, she could not help thinking that it was indeed foolish to love when one had so little chance of being loved in return;

but she did not betray her feeling. Victor, happy at the subterfuge which took every shadow of suspicion from the entire devotion which he could henceforth offer his "sister Helen," felt the bitterness of the sacrifice at the same time as its sweetness; but he had done well and would never repent it.

(To be continued.)

## A Middle-aged "She."

"FREUND'S Music and Drama" gives the following amusing account of the production of a musico-dramatic version of Haggard's "She," a Niblo's Theatre, in New York:—

Haggard's narrative derives, as has truly been said, its interest from his apt manner of describing the most romantically preposterous things. But these, prosaically and mechanically represented on the stage, lose most of their charm to audiences already acquainted with such marvels of stage production as "Excelsior" and "Around the World in Eighty Days." Thus the presentation of the play of "She" may as a dramatization be regarded as not a success, and the disappointment of the audience on Monday night took the form of loud laughter at what were intended to be the most serious of the scenes. Act First deals with the shipwreck on the African coast, and shows the thunder-shower and an ultimate rescue, which would probably have been well received but for the fact that some one (possibly Ryan) had knocked out the scenery, so that the waves on Tuesday night undertook to drown the sun, and row-boats floated in the air, while supers carried portions of Africa off the wings. The Second Act, in the Ryan dramatization, occurs in the cave of Amahaggard. It furnishes the opportunity for considerable music of a rather cannibalistic kind, and for the time being turned "She" into an opera. This music, however, being an interpolation, failed to interest the audience, and did little to illumine the story of "She," though it consumed a considerable period of time, and aggravated the audience to expressions of decided impatience. The Third Act was devoted to the discovery of "She," and had she been a gold mine or a diamond bed, there could not have been more preliminaries or more delays. When, after considerable formality, the sorceress was found on the Crosby Street side of Niblo's, it was discovered that, by some error, "She" was a member of the original ballet which the Kiralfy brothers brought to the United States in 1869. It was thought at first that "She" was none other than De Rosa, but under the strong limelight it was perceived that the heroine had none of the youthful gaiety or vivacity which characterized that admirable dancer. In fact, so disappointed was the audience in its expectations, that what was intended to have been a great feature of the performance, evoked loud ironical laughter. Act Fourth, which proved the final one of the play, contained the trip to the cave of the moving pillar of fire, where "She" obtained her prolongation of youth—or, more properly, her prolongation of old age, judging from the exponent at Niblo's—by bathing in fire. The effectiveness of this scene is supposed to arise from the transformation made in it of the sorceress from radiant youth to senile old age. The woman who appeared at first was of good, sound, strong, Prince Street dimensions; she stood smiling before the audience for a few minutes. There was a change, and a great rumble behind the scenes. Some one shouted "Ryan!" and the cry was taken up. Then the scenery fell, and the same woman reappeared much battered, and as if she had been hard hit. This was *She* after the encounter. What had become of Ryan the stage did not disclose, but it was evident from the tottering and staggering gait of the heroine, that one need not expect her to meet with so serious a calamity more than once in a thousand years. The heroine being knocked out, Ryan brought his play to a close. The audience peaceably and without defiance dispersed. Haggard had been laid out cold.

## Nikita among the Salvationists.



**N**IKITA has that sympathy which makes the whole world kin. Some two or three years ago, when a mere child, she showed that she had a kind thought even for the noisy disciples of General Booth.

It was during the tour in which, as the Miniature Patti, she won her earliest laurels. On arriving at Worcester Station in Massachusetts, the Miniature Patti Company found the platform in the possession of a battalion of Salvation soldiers. Children are fond of soldiers. We know of one little boy who, on witnessing a grand review of the troops in the Queen's Park at Edinburgh, astonished his mother by asking her to take them all home to dinner! Nikita showed her interest in the Salvation soldiers by asking if she might sing to them. The captain was delighted. A circle was formed. Nikita stood in the midst, and sang that noble and ever-beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages." As her notes rang out in all their purity and ethereal sweetness, they seemed to consecrate even the harsh cornets and the coarse euphonium of that untutored Salvation band. The listeners were electrified. Carried away by her feelings, Nikita closed her eyes at the words, "When I close mine eyes in death;" and when she raised them to heaven and clasped her hands at the words, "When I soar to worlds unknown," these strong men fell on their knees, sobbing like children. Such is the sympathetic power of song. When she had finished, the little Salvationist went round collecting, and came back to the captain with a liberal collection in her little cap. The captain—poor man!—offered Nikita's mother what to him was an enormous sum if Nikita would only go with them! How he would open his eyes if he learned what reward Nikita's services now command! However, the offer was well meant, and Nikita has a pleasant recollection of the tribute paid to her budding talent by those humble Salvationists.

HERR KARL BECKER, of Neuwied, is gathering material for a complete collection of the popular songs of the Rhine Valley, and he invites the co-operation of all lovers of music who dwell by the banks of that noble stream. To us the popular songs of all nations are of absorbing and fascinating interest, and we wish Herr Becker every success in his efforts to preserve the songs of the Rhine Valley from the decay with which they are threatened.

## Camille Saint-Saëns.

(Continued.)

**T**AKE a glance at the catalogue of Messrs. Durand and Schoenewerk, who have published nearly all Saint-Saëns' works, from Op. 2 upwards. You cannot but be struck with his extraordinary fertility of composition and the universality of his genius. It may be well to illustrate this universality by a brief classification of Saint-Saëns' principal works. The list leaves no great department of musical activity untouched.

The ordinary forms of composition, the song and the pianoforte piece, receive their due share of honour at Saint-Saëns' hands. The best of his songs are a set of melodies on Persian subjects entitled "Mélodies Persanes." Among his pianoforte pieces we find Bagatelles, Gavottes, and Mazurkas, besides a large number of transcriptions. Like Liszt, Saint-Saëns is particularly fond of transcriptions; he is even not above what some might think the drudgery of transcribing his own orchestral works. Among works of this class may be mentioned his arrangements of the Minuet from Gluck's "Orpheus," the March from Beethoven's "Ryins of Athens," and the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

His compositions for the organ include a Nuptial Benediction, a Communion, and a Fantasia on Breton Airs.

His chamber-music shows great variety of treatment. He has written duets for two pianos, and sonatas and romances in which the piano is combined with the violin, the violoncello, the flute, or the horn. His favourite instrument, the organ, is introduced along with the piano and the violin, in a romance and an arrangement of the March from "Lohengrin." Besides a quartette in the orthodox form, he has also given us a septuor in which two violins, a viola, a violoncello, a double bass, a piano, and a trumpet are combined.

Saint-Saëns has written a great deal of concerted music. Besides the four pianoforte concertos which we heard last June in London, there is a concerto for the violoncello, and three for the violin. But it is in orchestral music proper that he is at his best. Even the barest enumeration will suffice to give some idea of the scope of his orchestral compositions. The list comprises three Symphonies, a March for a Military

Band ("Occident et Orient"), an Heroic March, and a Suite in the old style, with a Prelude, Sarabande, Gavotte, Romance, and Finale. National music is dealt with in the Algerian Suite (Prelude, Moorish Rhapsody, Evening Reverie, and French Military March), "A Night at Lisbon," and "La Jota Aragonesa." Greatest of all are the four Symphonic Poems (Omphale's Wheel, Phaëton, the Danse Macabre, and the Youth of Hercules), which have done so much to give their composer an European reputation.

Saint-Saëns' choral works are chiefly sacred. The Church claims the Messe Solennelle, the Requiem Mass, the Tantum Ergo, the Christmas Oratorio, the Eighteenth Psalm, and the Oratorio of "The Deluge." Besides these, he has written a number of short choral works (one of which, "Les Titans," is for male voices), and a cantata, "The Lyre and the Harp," which was produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1879.

Opera is the highest form of musical art, and it is on dramatic music that Saint-Saëns has spent his best strength, although his operas may not have attained the same popularity as his orchestral compositions. The list of his dramatic works is as follows:—Scene from Corneille's "Horace," "Le Timbre d'Argent" (1865), "La Princesse jaune" (1872), "Samson and Dalila" (1877), "Étienne Marcel" (1879), "Henry the Eighth" (1883), and "Proserpine" (1887).

This width of range finds its counterpart in the breadth and comprehensiveness of Saint-Saëns' system of composition. Saint-Saëns has been called a Wagnerian, but he would be more fitly styled an eclectic. At least it is his aim to combine the dramatic intensity of the moderns with the melodic flow of the classic masters. Eclectics are seldom popular; the man who can see good in each of two opposing parties is usually bespattered with mud by both. So it has been with Saint-Saëns. The appearance of "Henry the Eighth" and "Proserpine" let loose a perfect torrent of criticism. "Wagnerian," cried the reactionists whenever they came across some recitative that took the liberty of deviating from the stereotyped Italian chords; "Reactionist," cried the Wagnerians whenever the recitative passed into some movement of regular form and well-marked rhythmic accent. In fact, the music was pronounced to be neither "fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring." M. Wilder wrote as follows *à propos* of the production of "Henry the Eighth":—

I do not hesitate to say that the style in which this work is written lacks freedom and decision. It is not the style of the dramatic symphony as elaborated by Wagner, nor is it the style of our old-fashioned operas. To tell the truth, it is a hodge-podge of all these ingredients, a compromise without a character of its own. On the one hand, the vocalization lacks the precision and the easy flow demanded by the musical schools of France and Italy; on the other, the orchestration does not venture to assume the functions which are assigned to it in modern Germany.

The word "compromise" comes readily to the pen of all Saint-Saëns' critics. But if compromise there is, it is the compromise of common sense. He is constantly being advised to write in one particular style, to throw in his lot with one particular school; but he steadily pursues the middle path, endeavouring to maintain an equilibrium between conflicting elements.

This attitude is in keeping with the conditions of modern dramatic art. It would be idle to attempt to resist the tendency of which Wagner is the great exponent. Modern composers must move with the times, and Saint-Saëns is certainly not the man to lag behind. To begin with the simplest, if the most superficial test, you can detect Wagnerianism in Saint-Saëns by the presence of the *leitmotif*. Again, he regards the orchestra as something much more



than a mere accompaniment. His wonderful command of the resources of modern orchestration is shown in his Symphonic Poems; and we should hardly expect the composer of "Omphale's Wheel" and the "Danse Macabre" to accompany his operas with the strumming of a big guitar. Further, his operas are not divided into set *morceaux*, but into scenes, varying according to the circumstances of the action; on this point he remarks that "the structure of the scenes which make up an opera should depend entirely on the situation in which the characters are placed." Or we may go deeper: *realism* is one of the chief articles of the Wagnerian creed, and Saint-Saëns is intensely real. He seems to live in the conditions which his music depicts. In "Henry the Eighth" we breathe the very atmosphere of Henry's Court, and there is little doubt that when the opera now in course of composition is produced, it will be found that the surroundings of Benvenuto Cellini have been portrayed with equal truth.

But while these modern elements are represented in Saint-Saëns' operas, he has retained much that was excellent in the music of the old school. Granted that Wagner is the mightiest musical genius the world has seen; but what can be more barren and unprofitable than music written on Wagner's lines but without Wagner's transcendent genius? If Wagner has not actually gone too far himself, he has gone so far that no living composer can follow him. What is wanted is a modified Wagnerianism, and this is what Saint-Saëns endeavours to attain. But as to this, it is best to quote his own words, which are here reproduced from our issue for June 1887:—

My theory of dramatic art is this: I believe that the drama is progressing towards a synthesis of different elements—song, declamation, and symphony blending in an equilibrium which leaves the composer free to avail himself of all the resources of art, while it affords the spectator the gratification of every legitimate desire. It is this equilibrium which I seek, and which others will one day find. Both heart and head impel me to pursue this aim, and to this I must adhere. It is for this reason that I am disowned, now by those Wagnerians who despise the melodic style and the art of singing, now by the reactionists who lay the entire stress upon these elements, and consider declamation and symphony mere accessories.

The Wagnerians have an elementary canon of criticism: with them, all dramatic music is divided into two categories; music which is quite distinct from the works of Wagner, and is accordingly unworthy of attention; and music which resembles the works of Wagner, and is accordingly a mere imitation.

Haydn created the Symphony, with its four movements and its instrumentation. When Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn adopted the same musical form and the same instrumentation, were they accused of being imitators of Haydn? When Mozart wrote operas in the style of the Italians, was he accused of plagiarizing from Cimarosa?

Wagner had invention and daring, and he has exercised a great influence; but his work cannot be the ultimate goal, the *ne plus ultra* of the lyric drama, for the simple reason that art never stops.

The reactionists, on the other hand, would like to be left in peace and not have their old habits disturbed. But how is it that they do not see that this is impossible? All composers are seeking new methods; their own *palladium*, Verdi, full of years and honour, with no interest to change his style, has changed it all the same, and is by no means the least daring. The lyric drama is being impelled by an irresistible force—whither? In the direction of the synthesis, the equilibrium which will be the last word of dramatic art, if art can have a last word.

R. J. MACKAY, M.A.

(To be continued.)

## A Coming Musical Power.

**M**R. CHARLES STEWART MACPHERSON, A.R.A.M., is the conductor of both the Streatham Choral and Westminster Orchestral Societies. The two societies will shortly join their forces, and a first united choral and orchestral concert will be given at the end of the present season. It is a pleasing duty to congratulate Mr. Macpherson on the strides both societies have made under his leadership during the past four months. London offers a wide field for another good orchestral band and choral society, and we look forward at no distant date to the time when the Westminster Orchestral Band and Choir will become permanent and important factors in the London musical world.

Mr. Macpherson is a young man of ability and genius, and has already done good work as a composer. He was one of the most devoted pupils of the late Sir George Macfarren, and for his great talent as an accompanist and pianist will, we prophesy, become widely known.

The first concert of the third season of the Westminster Orchestral Society took place at the Westminster Town Hall on Wednesday the 7th ult. The programme was a very interesting one, including such works as Mendelssohn's violin concerto, Sir George Macfarren's overture, "Chevy Chase," Mozart's Symphony in D (The "Parisian"), etc. The orchestra acquitted itself well, the violin concerto of Mendelssohn (the solo part admirably played by Miss Lucy Riley) being accompanied with much refinement, the strings especially being exceedingly effective. Hardly less successful were the renderings of the overture and the symphony. Miss Louise Phillips sang two charming songs by Miss Mary Carmichael (accompanied by the composer), and an "Ave Maria," with orchestral accompaniment, by Mr. C. S. Macpherson, each time obtaining well-deserved success. Mr. H. Ward was the other vocalist. Madame Frickenhaus delighted all hearers by her exquisite pianoforte playing, and the concert concluded with a "Jubilee" March, composed and conducted by Mr. C. S. Jekyll (organist to H.M. Chapels Royal). In this piece the band were less happy, the rendering being somewhat coarse. On the whole, however, this eighth concert of the society indicated a marked improvement in every respect.

The first concert of the second season of the Streatham Choral Society was given at the Assembly Rooms, Streatham Common, on Monday the 19th ult. The first part of the programme consisted of Sullivan's "Prodigal Son;" in the second part the choir performed "The Lady of the Lake" and "Ye flowery banks of Bonny Doon," in memory of their composer, the late Sir G. A. Macfarren. The other principal items were violin solos, "Romance" (Svendsen) and "Bolero" (J. E. German), which were admirably rendered by Mr. A. L. Spittle, and pianoforte duets, "German Rounds" Nos. 1 and 2 M. (Moszkowski), played by Mr. C. S. Macpherson and Mr. Herbert Lake, which created quite a furore of applause.

In the "Prodigal Son," the improvement of the choir in precision of attack, production, and purity of tone was most marked, although further attention should yet be paid to these points. Space will not allow us to mention the different numbers of the "Prodigal Son" in detail; praise, however, must be awarded to Madame Wilson-Osman for her pure intonation and sympathetic rendering of the recitative, "And when he had spent all," and the aria, "Oh that thou hadst hearkened." Not less to be commended was Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys for the true feeling and beauty with which he rendered the aria, "Come, ye children."

The united societies number about 150; their meetings are characterized by that enthusiasm and *esprit de corps* which, under the leadership of their talented conductor, bids fair to make them a coming power in the London musical world.

## Four Thousand Nights of Lager and Beethoven.

**E**VERYBODY who has ever been to Berlin knows Bilse's Concerts. For a glass of lager, a plate of kalbsbraten, and a symphony of Beethoven, there was, and is, no place like the Concerthaus. This was, and is, the home of the Orchestral Knitting and Roast Veal Association, so humorously described by Mr. Beatty-Kingston.\* The veteran Bilse retired about three years ago, but the baton is still wielded with all Bilse's energy by his successor, Karl Meyder, and the concerts have now entered upon their fifth thousand. The 4000th concert was made the occasion of a demonstration, which is described as follows by the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*:—

The 16th of November was a red-letter day for the Concerthaus, its rooms then resounded with the strains of the four thousandth concert since they were devoted to their present excellent object some twenty years ago. What these concerts have done for the general advancement of musical culture, and more especially for the recognition of the claims of our younger composers, can only be fully realized by those who remember the miserable condition of music in Berlin in the pre-Bilsian era of the fifties and the sixties. Not that even in the fifties and the sixties there were wanting men who from time to time made attempts to rouse musical Berlin from its stagnation; but the most vigorous efforts were baffled by the lethargy and the gross indifference of the public. Then came Bilse, and his untiring energy, his practical insight, and his essentially popular, but at the same time imposing, personal characteristics, won an immediate victory where many other distinguished musicians had failed.

This was a most important victory, and one which was attended with the most satisfactory results. It was Bilse who first introduced and acclimatized the best modern music in Berlin; and he enjoys the special distinction of having popularized the works of Richard Wagner with middle-class audiences. He furnished a practical demonstration that music had not stopped with Beethoven, or even with Schumann; he made us acquainted with the works of Liszt and Raff, which had hitherto been rigorously excluded from Berlin; he made a wide survey of contemporary foreign music, and it is to him that we owe our introduction to Saint-Saëns, Delibes, and Tschai-kovsky. It was to Bilse that the public went when they felt a craving to hear good music and refresh themselves with draughts at the ever-flowing fountain of the living present; it was to Bilse that young composers of courage and energy naturally applied, and for many such he has smoothed the first steps in their public career.

But the times changed. A manifest improvement—due to Bilse's initiation—took place in the musical affairs of Berlin. Bilse was outgrown. In payment of the debt of nature, his energy gradually began to flag, and younger men stepped forward with the vigour of youth when Bilse was inclined to lag behind. It is the way of the world. He suffered a heavy blow in the secession of his whole orchestra, which he was not able to replace in its former excellence—a heavy blow for Bilse, but a blessing for the citizens of Berlin, who obtained in the establishment of the Philharmonic Orchestra as an independent body, a guarantee for further progress.

Still Bilse worked on as of old, until three years ago, when he was at last compelled by age and infirmity to lay down his baton. First Mannsfeld, then Meyder, took his place in the Concerthaus, engrafting a number of innovations on the established traditions, but in the main still keeping to the old paths. And this is but right. The Concerthaus has indeed been long since deprived of the high mission it fulfilled in its palmy days, but it is still called upon to spread, in its now restricted circle, an intelligent appreciation of the masterpieces of musical art.

On the occasion of the 4000th concert, the old conductor claimed the right to come and lead once again the forces of the orchestra he himself had founded—and he conducted with all his old spirit, all his old energy, and all his old peculiarities of interpretation. The audience showed an enthusiasm worthy of the man who for all these years had afforded them so much pleasure and edification, and had so freely bestowed upon them the inexhaustible treasures of art.

\* Vide the article "Music and Manners," under the heading "Literature of Music," in our issue for June 1887.



## Ole Bull.

A SKETCH.

**O**LE BULL is the name of one who stands alone; unique in his nature and in his powers: less a player than a singer on the violin, which seemed part and parcel of himself. His playing, like his personality, was fresh, magnetic, pure, and instinct with Nature; capable of uttering all her voices, of conveying all her secret influences whether delicate or powerful. He was, before all things, a child of Nature,—the strong and wild, yet tender nature of the North. Probably there has never existed a musician whose many-sided individuality was so perfectly reproduced in his playing as the subject of the present sketch.

Ole Bull was born in the city of Bergen, on the 5th of February 1810. His parents and grandparents were all people of culture and good position; and he was the eldest of ten children. Medicine, the law, and the army, with music, poetry, and literary taste, were all represented in the combined families of his parents. One uncle was a musical enthusiast; and at his quartette parties the child Ole was often either openly or secretly present. He learnt his notes with his letters, and seemed to need no instruction in the handling of the bow and strings. The first of his long series of well-loved violins was "yellow as a lemon;" the second, a red one, was broken the first day of its arrival by a fall on the floor, and he never forgot his passion of childish grief at this loss. The next was too large for him to hold in the ordinary manner, and this led to his peculiar method of handling the instrument, which he never abandoned. Although unusually well trained by his mother in obedience and good manners, he was quite unmanageable where his violin was in question; and his untameable freedom was a striking characteristic. Solitude was at times necessary to him; and at Lysekloster, a country estate of his father's, there is a place still called by the peasants "Ole Bull's look-out," where the child would climb a rock from which a glorious view of sea and fiords, islands, mountains, and glaciers, was commanded. There was another solitary spot at Valestrand, where the boy would hide himself, with his violin, for hours together; and the sounds that were heard by passing peasants so frightened them that they imagined stories of hobgoblins, and said that the *Hulder* had come back again.

Ole Bull not only played the violin, but studied its construction. In after-life he was most successful in renovating the instruments of his friends. He also constructed a new instrument of immense size, which he called the *octobasse*. It stood twelve feet high, and was strung with three enormous chords, giving the notes Re, Sol, and Ut; the fingering done from a platform, by means of mechanism connected with keys at the lower end of the finger-board. We have never heard of another specimen of this gigantic instrument.

At school he showed a decided interest in mythology, and this fed his mind with ideas which could be reproduced in music. He himself always attributed his compositions to Nature and to northern folk-lore. "These things," he said, "have made my music." His father was careful that his boy should not devote all his time to music, but one of his masters said to him, "Stick to your fiddle in earnest, boy, and don't waste your time here," an unusual piece of encouragement from a clerical tutor.

Ole's father wished him to be a clergyman, and he studied for that purpose three years under a private tutor, and then went up to the University at Christiania.

Here he met friends from Bergen, and the young men seem to have spent so many hours together in a musical *slance* lasting all night, that there was no time for either sleep or study, and Ole failed in his preliminary examination, and was rejected for the year. At first he was dismayed, but it led to his being chosen musical director of the Philharmonic and Dramatic Societies at Bergen, in the place of one Thrane, whose illness caused these vacancies. He was at this time eighteen years of age, and his personal appearance is described as tall and splendidly developed; with a pale but open face, and large, clear, deeply-set brown eyes. His character was, from the first, modest, unpretentious, and true; and the successes and failures of after-life never lessened, but rather deepened his purity of nature, his simplicity, brightness, *naïveté*, generosity, warm devotion, and hatred of intrigue and malice. He was sensitive and trustful, though often cheated. His anger was strong and decided, but never vindictive. He had wonderful physical strength, and an arm of iron; his capability for work was due, not only to his fine physique, but his simple habits and diet, and abstinence from all stimulants when at work. He only retained his office



of Philharmonic Director for a year, as he earnestly desired to ascend to greater heights; and in May 1829 he left Norway for Cassel, where he sought Louis Spohr. His first feeling was one of extreme disappointment. The playing of Spohr was so utterly different from his own, that he felt himself mistaken in his vocation, and determined to relinquish music as a profession. This feeling, however, did not last long, and after a year or two in Christiania and Bergen he went to Paris, and did not again return to the North for seven years, when his fame was established. He had very little money with him, and his hardships were many, including the loss of all his savings by the roguery of a fellow-lodger. He had an extraordinary adventure with Vidocque, the famous chief of police, whose advice actually gained for Ole Bull 800 francs at Frascati's, an experience which was never repeated; and lastly, he made an acquaintance which gave him at the moment of need an asylum in illness, and in after years a wife.

In Paris Ole Bull heard Paganini, whose playing he carefully studied; here also he was helped to public notice by one Lacour, who had discovered a varnish, the application of which gave to an ordinary violin the tone of a Cremona; he also discovered Ole

Bull's talent, and made use of it to recommend his freshly varnished violins.

A hearing was all out hero needed. He came to know and play with Chopin, and made concert tours to many places, among them Milan, where he had the wisdom and modesty to lay to heart a severe criticism from an old singing-master upon the defects of his playing; and to study for six months under able singing-masters, having learnt that the violin most resembles the human voice, and must be made to sing. Our space forbids us to record all his wanderings, successes, and failures. We can only select a few salient points in his career. At Bologna, for instance, he arrived at a juncture when the Marquis Zampieri, director of the Philharmonic Society there, and a very high musical authority, was in great perplexity on account of the refusal of Malibran and De Beriot to fulfil their engagements with him. The whole story is too long to recount here, but the fact most interesting to us is that Ole Bull's playing in his own room having been overheard and reported to Zampieri, that great man went to his lodging, climbed the steep stairs to his room, asked him to improvise, and then carried him off in triumph to the theatre. The enthusiasm he created was unbounded; and we are told that this was Ole Bull's real *debut*. Moreover, he gained the friendship of Malibran and De Beriot, who at once recognised the greatness of his genius.

At Florence also he made a profound impression. For the friars of Santa Maria Novello he wrote two compositions, which became great favourites,—the "Mother's Prayer," and the "Polacca Guerriera," composed at midnight, while gazing in solitude upon Mount Vesuvius.

In 1835 he went to Rome, and made many friends among the artists there. One of them loved to paint while Ole Bull was playing, finding in his music brilliant tones of colour. His wonderful power over his instrument, as well as his tact and resource, were displayed at a concert in Paris, where, in the midst of a brilliant finale, the A string snapped; and he actually transposed the remainder of the piece, and played it on three strings, without pause. Meyerbeer, Jules Janin, and others witnessed this incident with astonishment. A similar feat was accomplished many years later when the E string broke. Maurice Strakosch was the witness on this occasion, and, as he said, could hardly believe his ears.

Ole Bull visited England for the first time in 1836 by Rossini's advice. Jealousy was at work, and caused him infinite trouble at rehearsals and in other ways; but his magnificent playing,

his resolution, and ready tact triumphed over all obstacles, and gained him many friends. We might indeed make a brilliant list of his friends, but it is more to the purpose to say that it comprised all who were themselves distinguished in art, in England and the Continent, and subsequently in America.

Of his success in London we may give the testimony of the *Times*, May 23rd, 1836: "Mr. Ole Bull, the Norwegian violinist, made his first public essay in this country on Saturday evening, at the King's Theatre. A more completely successful performance of the kind we never attended. He played three pieces—a grand concerto in three movements, a quartette for one violin, and a grand warlike Polish movement, introduced by a recitative and *adagio*. His variations of movement seem almost unlimited, and much as Paganini has done, this artist has certainly opened a new field on that instrument. His style is essentially different, and, like that of every truly great master, is of his own formation. Perhaps his most remarkable characteristic is the unpretending manner in which he produces all his great effects. There was no trick, no violent gesture. In long arpeggio passages, and others made up of rapid and minute divisions, his bow scarcely seemed to move on



the string. His hand, too, was almost motionless, yet our ear was charmed with a succession of distinct and sparkling notes, which kept the whole audience fixed in mute and almost breathless attention. His "quartette," in the ordinary mode of playing, would seem impossible; but he distinctly made out chords of three notes with the bow, and produced the fourth with his finger," etc.

In 1836 Ole Bull was married to Mdlle. Felicie Villemont, in whose grandmother's house he had been nursed during his illness in Paris five years before. His affection for wife and children was a passionate devotion. He had to be frequently absent from them, but, he writes, "the word *home* has, above all others, the greatest charm for me." It is said of him that, "however trying or commonplace the circumstances of life might be, his resources of thought, aspiration, and work gave him hours of experience in each day, and transformed for him, and others in sympathy with him, the hard realities of life, 'clothing the palpable and familiar with golden exhalations of the dawn.'"

After his marriage he returned to England, and on this visit he fell ill under remarkable circumstances. The death of Madame Malibran took place from over-exertion her voice at a Manchester Festival, and Ole Bull, who took her place, postponing his own concerts for the purpose, broke a blood-vessel, as she did, from over-exertion in a large hall with too strong an orchestra. The Duke of Devonshire showed him much kindness at this time; he spent several quiet days at Chatsworth and at Holland House; and, notwithstanding his illness, he gave in sixteen months 274 concerts in the United Kingdom.

We hear of him next in Paris, Brussels, Courtray, Hamburg, Lubeck, Kiel, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Finland, and Stockholm. Ole Bull was a true son of Norway, and did not hesitate to avow himself as such before Bernadotte, the King of Sweden. In an interview the king had commanded, he made some remarks which seemed to imply a reproach upon the Norwegians, and Ole Bull at once took up his countrymen's cause with spirit, asking whether the king could mention a single instance in which they had not proved themselves loyal and law-abiding subjects. The king replied that his remark was out of place. "If my remark is out of place, your Majesty," said Ole Bull, "I myself am out of place, and will take my leave." "Remain, sir," said the king. "No, sire, I will see if a Norseman is free in the palace of the King of Sweden." Upon this the king changed his tone, and courteously begged him to stay, offering him the Vasa order, which was declined at the time, although afterwards sent to and accepted by the artist at the king's special request.

And now at last he revisited his native land, where he was received with open arms, and with the utmost pride and delight. His father did not live to see his son's triumphs; his death had taken place only a few months before, to Ole's deep grief. Another continental tour followed, and at Pesh we hear of the purchase of a rare violin, a Stradivarius dated 1687. It was inlaid with ebony and ivory, having been made to order for a Spanish prince. The tone had suffered in the hands of its various owners, but in Ole Bull's keeping it was fully restored. He also bought another Amati, whose tone thrilled him; and later, in Leipsic, a noble instrument manufactured by Da Salo, and sculptured by Cellini. He was offered immense sums for it, but always answered, "Not for the price of half Vienna." This violin has been described with exquisite detail by an American writer. We quote a small portion: "On the head of this curious violin is carved and coloured an angel's face surrounded by flowing curls of hair. Behind this figure, leaning against the shoulders, is a very beautiful little mermaid, the human form of which terminates in scales of green and gold. Below the bridge is a mermaid in bronze. Ole Bull was born in February, and by an odd coincidence, the bridge of his darling violin is delicately carved with two intertwining fishes, like the zodiacal sign of February. Two little Tritons cut in ivory are in one corner of the bow. Altogether, it is a very original and singularly beautiful instrument. It has the rich look of the Middle Ages, and would have been a right royal gift for some princely troubadour. This violin was probably never played

upon by any other hand than Ole Bull's, though it is 300 years old."

The first of Ole Bull's many visits to America took place in 1843. Before leaving Europe he published three of his favourite compositions, as some remembrance of himself in his absence. They were the "Variazioni di Bravura," "La Preghiera d'una Madre" (adagio Religioso), and "Il Notturmo." These are his only publications. In America, the enthusiasm he created was immense. One irrepressible admirer doubles his name "in memory of the Persian nightingale," and calls him "Ole Bulbul;" and, speaking of his personal charms, says, "He looks pure, natural, and vigorous, as I should imagine Adam in Paradise." In many cases Ole Bull went to the houses of those who were prevented by illness or trouble from attending his concerts, and gave them hours of delight which they never forgot. He also invited all the inmates of the New York Blind Asylum to one of his concerts, saying, "It would be my greatest desire to make you forget for a few moments that you are unable to enjoy the beauty of the flowers."

Ole Bull's life hitherto had been a great success, and he determined to spend some of the fortune he had made in founding a National Theatre at Christiania. He carried out his idea at the expense of much money and time, and the theatre was opened on January 12, 1850. This good work was not done easily—few good works are; jealousy and petty obstructiveness met him continually, but his native courage bore him through them all.

His second visit to America was quite as triumphant as the first. The *New York Tribune*, in an eloquent tribute, said, "Ole Bull's mastery of the violin is imperial. The violin has no secrets from him. It waits upon him as Ariel upon Prospero. There is no fiddle left in it. It sings and shouts and weeps as he wills."

At length he entered upon a period of varied trial. He had purchased a large piece of land for a settlement of Norwegians, where he hoped to found a new Norway protected by the Union flag. He worked hard upon this settlement, risking nearly all his fortune. Three hundred houses were built, an inn, and a church; and hundreds flocked to the new colony. The concerts which he gave in aid of this enterprise included among the artists Mr. Maurice Strakosch, with his wife and her little sister, Adelina Patti, then only eight years old. In this tour he lost a valuable violin, and fell ill of yellow fever; and while still in ill-health he made the discovery that the title to the land he had bought and improved was fraudulent. The rightful owner had been kept from communication with him by the business agent, who had committed the fraud and pocketed the money, and who, when confronted by his victim, first tried to poison him, and then defied him to do his worst. Illness and money troubles now persecuted him relentlessly; and but for his devoted friends, and his own indomitable courage, he would have been quite overwhelmed. As it was, the struggle lasted five years. At his last concerts in New York he had to be helped on and off the stage, and probably his constitution never recovered wholly from the repeated shocks he had sustained. In 1862 he lost his wife; another blow. He says, "I have had, and am having, a hard time. I must try to keep up courage. If I am to go under, I will fight as long as I can; perhaps the sun will shine when I least expect it."

In 1870 his second marriage took place; and this event seems to have been the solace and sunshine of his later years. He was now sixty years of age, but ever young in heart and noble in presence.

On the occasion of a visit to Stockholm, the King and Queen, with whom he had breakfasted, suggested that he should visit Egypt and play the "Sæterbesög" on the top of the Great Pyramid, nothing of the kind having ever been done before. Ole Bull carried out this idea, and although the oldest of the party, he reached the top first and unaided. The novel, vast, and beautiful view inspired the artist, who turned it all into music. The Bedouins lay in a circle motionless; and when the sounds ceased, they sprang up and shouted "Allah! Allah!" Ole Bull's playing seems more than any other to have stirred the highest, deepest, and purest

feelings in all his hearers, whatever their race or creed.

In January 1880 he sailed for the last time from America for Europe. He was very ailing, and it was with difficulty he could bear the voyage from Liverpool to Norway. If anything could have restored him, the pure air of his beloved Lysø would have accomplished it. But the end of that brilliant and beneficent career had come, and he quietly passed away. His work was for the living, not for the future generations; excepting,—and it is a large saving clause,—in so far as every good, as every evil thing, must live and radiate its influence, so that none can calculate the vibrations or tell how far they may reach.

We close with some words spoken at his grave:—

"Because more than any other thou wast the glory of our land; because more than any other thou hast carried our people with thee up towards the bright heights of art; because thou wert more than any other a pioneer of our young national music, more, much more, than any other the faithful, warm-hearted conqueror of all hearts; because thou hast planted a seed which shall spring up in the future, and for which coming generations shall bless thee, with the gratitude of thousands upon thousands, for all this, in the name of our Norse memorial art, I lay this laurel wreath on thy coffin.

"Peace be with thy ashes!"

## Accidentals.

It is pleasant to hear that the new President of the French Republic is a musical man. He has attended in state at the Opera, and has intimated to MM. Ritt and Gailhard that his visits are likely to be frequent.

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THE Anglo-Portuguese Telephone Company have fixed a regular tariff for placing private houses in communication with the Opera. They are precise enough to arrange that a higher charge must be levied on nights when the prices at the Opera are raised!

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It is said that Nicolini is writing a life of Patti. He will surely be well posted up in his facts.

\*\*\*

£5000 is said to be the price paid for little Hofmann's *tournee* in America.

\*\*\*

THERE is a row on at present between two of the American musical papers. The *Musical Courier* refers to the *Indicator* as the *Mendicator*, and the *Indicator* refers to the *Musical Courier* as the *Un-musical Currisher*.

\*\*\*

THE prize competition for the Popular Concerts at the Concerthaus in Berlin has been well taken up by ambitious composers in all parts of Europe and even America. Among the piles of manuscript received, there are 15 orchestral suites and 75 symphonies.

\*\*\*

THE Paris pitch is to be adopted by the Italian as well as the German army.

\*\*\*

THERE is a rumour that the famous Remenyi (whose "condescension" we illustrated in our issue for November) has perished in a shipwreck off the coast of Madagascar. We can only hope that the rumour will not be confirmed.

\*\*\*

HERE is a sample culled from the anthology of Western criticism: "His rich tones seemed to have control of every note, cutting it neatly and exhaling it in all its mellow perfection."

\*\*\*

AN ardent Wagnerian has discovered a natural silhouette of the Prophet in the rocks of the valley of the Lavant in Carinthia. The sharp nose and chin and the cap are all complete.



THE members of the band of a Turkish regiment stationed at Bagdad took it into their heads that they would refuse to play until they had received payment of some heavy arrears of salary. But this sort of independence is not appreciated in the land of the bastinado. Before the strike was many hours old, the bandmen were all receiving payment for their services in the local gaol.

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THE common idea that actors are a reckless and improvident set of fellows is effectually dispelled by the flourishing condition of the German Society of Stage Artists. The annual income of this wealthy Society is about £15,000, and it has a capital of £175,000. There are nearly 600 pensioners on the Society's books; the number of members is about 3000.

\* \* \*

A *propos* of the production of Nessler's opera, "The Trumpeter of Säkkingen," in New York, it is mentioned that up to the present date 400,000 copies have been sold of the popular epic poem by Scheffel, on which the libretto is founded. 400,000 copies of an epic poem, and yet we say this is a prosaic age!

\* \* \*

COLONEL M'CAULI, the well-known director of comic operas in the United States, says that in the past seven or eight years he has paid French, German, and English composers royalties amounting to £20,000.

\* \* \*

THE Librarian of the Conservatoire of Naples, Signor Florino, has given another proof of his reverence for the memory of Bellini, who was his fellow-pupil. After having a statue erected to the composer, he has endowed an annual Bellini prize of £12 for young Italian composers. Every competitor has to send in two pieces, one of which, according to *Le Ménestrel*, has to be written *italianissime* in the style of the composer with whose name the prize is associated.

\* \* \*

THE *Guide Musical* expatiates on the number of musical settings of the myth of Loreley. The subject has had great attractions for composers. Besides Mendelssohn's unfinished opera and Wallace's "Lurline," there is a "Loreley" by Max Bruch. A Danish composer named Bartholdi lately made an addition to the number, and it is now announced that Dr. Hans Sommer and Nessler, the popular composer of "The Piper of Hamelin" and "The Trumpeter of Säkkingen," have taken up the romantic story of the Rhine Maiden. Our esteemed contemporary has omitted to mention "Lurline Junior" at the Avenue, with Mr. Arthur Roberts in the part of the wicked baron!

\* \* \*

A MR. NOVOTNY in Prague has been trying to tinker up the ridiculous libretto with which Mozart had to associate his glorious music to "Il flauto Magico." But it seems that Schikaneder's wretched bosh is not to be improved.

\* \* \*

SOME industrious person has reckoned up the number of representations of "Don Giovanni" which have been given in Germany, France, England, Sweden, and Denmark. The total amounts to 5140 representations: 532 of these have been given in Prague, 500 in Berlin, 472 in Vienna, 400 in Frankfurt, 350 in London, 300 in Hamburg, 272 in Stockholm, 266 in Paris, 232 in Copenhagen, etc. etc. Italy, Spain, Belgium, Russia, and America have still to be accounted for.

\* \* \*

THE theatre at Coblenz is a centenarian. It was opened on the 23rd of November 1787 with a representation of Mozart's "Il Seraglio," and the centenary was appropriately celebrated on the 23rd of November 1887 by a performance of the same opera.

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THEY appoint Royal Commissions in Italy to report on the condition of the musical schools. An important Commission, on which Signor Boito has been serving, has finished its investigation of this subject, and has just presented its report to the Government.

SOMEBODY has found out that there is a kiss forty-two seconds long in "Siegfried"! There is no possibility of getting off with less than forty-two seconds, as the exact duration is fixed by the notes of the music.

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THE Parisians are to have an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with Spanish music in the performance of a quartette from the other side of the Pyrenees.

\* \* \*

THE people of Ancona are very anxious to hear Verdi's "Otello." As they cannot get an impresario to run the risk, they have sent in a petition with thousands of signatures to the Town Council, in which they humbly pray that a subvention may be granted to enable them to gratify their artistic enthusiasm. This is decidedly "not English, you know, not English."

\* \* \*

TWO more statues are proposed, one to Franz Abt and the other to Heinrich Marschner.

\* \* \*

FROM the *Musical Courier*, we learn that Mr. Thayer, the biographer of Beethoven, lately celebrated his seventieth birthday at Trieste. Mr. Thayer is a native of Boston. He is now engaged in writing the fourth and last volume of his great work.

\* \* \*

DR. VILLIERS STANFORD has been appointed Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge in the room of the late Sir George Macfarren. It is satisfactory that so good a post should have been given to a man of the stamp of Dr. Stanford. The new Professor has four lectures to deliver, and he receives a salary of £200 per annum. This is a tolerably fat sinecure, but it is meagre compared with the endowment of the chair of music in the University of Edinburgh, where Sir Herbert Oakeley draws a salary of nearly £1000 per annum without having any lectures to deliver at all!

\* \* \*

WE are sorry to hear that the Hamilton Vocalion Opera Company of Worcester, Massachusetts, has gone into liquidation. It is hoped, however, that the Company may be again resuscitated.

\* \* \*

THE Company was formed for the purpose of working Mr. Baillie Hamilton's patent for a vocalion organ. Mr. Hamilton's invention, interesting in itself, attracted additional attention owing to the knowledge that the inventor belonged to the family of the Earl of Haddington, and had married a daughter of the Duke of Argyll. Surely there must be something in the invention when the shrewd business men of the States paid Mr. Hamilton £20,000 for his patent.

\* \* \*

HAYDN can no longer be considered as the monopolist of the vast theme of the "Creation," as it is now found that Liszt has written a full oratorio on the subject, with solos, choruses, and full orchestra. The two oratorios will certainly present sufficient contrasts of thought and style.

\* \* \*

ST. JAMES'S HALL PORTICO—after concert by Jose Hofmann.—Mother—"Why don't you play like he does, Charley?" Unfortunate strumming juvenile condemned to practise three hours a day. Result: Neighbours hate boy; boy hates music! *Verbum sap.*

\* \* \*

ON little Josef Hofmann's voyage for America, he showed an inquiring mind, visiting every part of the ship, penetrating even, as far as he was allowed, into the engine-room. This is a good sign. An all-per-vading inquisitiveness belongs to healthy boyhood, and especially to youthful genius.

\* \* \*

MISS FANNY DAVIES and Mdlle. Kleeberg have scored successes in Berlin. Mdlle. Kleeberg is the favourite, for her poetic playing and dainty grace; but the little English girl who so loyally follows her great teacher, Mme. Schumann, wins high praise for her conscientious playing.

MR. A. J. HIPKINS has published a magnificent volume entitled *Musical Instruments: Historic, Rare, and Unique* (Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black). The book contains illustrations of some of the most beautiful and rare instruments in the Loan Exhibition of 1865. The representations are exact in every detail of shape and colour, and suggest the desire to see our modern instruments so exquisitely decorated. One of Ole Bull's violins has been described elsewhere, and its workmanship must have been a labour of love. Fifty instruments are illustrated in this most interesting book. It is very costly in itself, and the number of copies issued is under 2000. It is dedicated to the Prince of Wales. We trust a cheaper edition may be published.

\* \* \*

THE ranks of our English musicians and players are constantly kept up from behind, and from the provinces we hear from time to time of rising talent. At Hipperholme, near Halifax, a young pianist is being brought out by his father, Dr. Aldridge. Master Aldridge is only 15 years of age, and has already, though so young, given undeniable proof of extraordinary ability as a pianist. He has performed before numerous companies in the West Riding, and wherever he goes a favourable impression is created by his unquestionable talent. At a concert in the Town Hall, Brighouse, on December 13, Master Aldridge gave selections from Mendelssohn and Chopin with great success, displaying, especially in Chopin's music, a light and supple touch, and ease of execution.

\* \* \*

A MUSICAL festival at Walthamstow deserves to be noted, both for its novelty and its value as a real effort on behalf of music in the suburbs of our great city. The leading spirit is Mr. J. F. Read, a resident in the neighbourhood, and chairman of the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society, a very incongruously sounding title. The Victoria Music Hall at Walthamstow was built by him, and is not only convenient in its arrangements for orchestra and audience, but excellent in its acoustic qualities. The choir comprises 180 voices, and the band, partly professional and partly amateur, has Mr. Carrodus at its head. The first work produced was the "Elijah," with Mrs. Hutchinson and Miss Hilda Wilson, and Messrs. Probert and Lucas as principal soloists. On the second evening a new cantata was produced, the work of Mr. Read. It is entitled "Harold," and its libretto is founded upon Bulwer Lytton's novel of that name. The work is evidently that of an amateur, though not of an unpractised hand. It has much earnestness of intention, and its defects are precisely those which naturally characterize the work of an amateur. It is full of musical feeling, however, and was warmly received, albeit the performance was of unequal merit.

## Foreign Notes.

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ALMOST every day Nikita is winning fresh laurels. Since our last notice, she has sung in Wiesbaden, Düsseldorf, Crefeld, Antwerp, and Brussels. In a week or two she will appear in Vienna.

\* \* \*

SHE sang at Leipzig in the hall of the famous Gewandhaus, which in days gone by echoed to the orchestras of Mendelssohn and Schumann. An audience of critics were here moved to the utmost enthusiasm. At Dresden every seat and every space available for standing-room were sold four days before Nikita's arrival. The impression she produced in Dresden is described in the article entitled "Patti's Heiress," with which our new volume is commenced.

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CONTINENTAL managers had doubtless spent too much time and money on the celebration of the centenary of the production of "Don Giovanni" on the 29th of October to have much left for the centenary of the death of Gluck on the 15th of November. The event did not, however, pass unnoticed. "Orpheus" was given at Brunswick, "Alceste" in



Prague, and in Dresden the Wagner of the eighteenth century was honoured by the performance of a cycle of his works, in which "Orpheus," "Armida," and "Iphigenia in Aulis" were included.

VERDI's "Otello" will be given in Munich at the end of the present month.

"PINAFORE" failed to please in Berlin, and Mr. D'Oyly Carte's Company have accordingly fallen back on "The Mikado." "Patience" has also been revived, and this time with a greater measure of success.

ROSA SUCHER and the famous tenor Vogl have been playing as "guests" at the opera in Berlin. Their repertoire is composed chiefly of "The Valkyrie" and "Tristan and Isolde."

HERR VON STRANTZ has found that Count Hochberg is the wrong man to quarrel with. The outcome of the row is his compulsory retirement—without a pension. He has been offered as a *solutum* the post of musical director at Ems. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* is bold enough to assert that financial irregularities are at the bottom of the matter, an assertion against which Herr von Strantz has made a practical protest by commencing an action for heavy damages against that newspaper.

FROM Berlin comes the bitter cry of the overworked critic. Berliners are overwhelmed in a musical inundation which almost threatens to reach the high-water mark of London.

FLÖTOW's posthumous opera, "The Musicians," has been favourably received on its production at Hanover.

WEBER's posthumous comic opera, "The Three Pintos," as arranged and completed by Herr Mahler, will be produced at the Municipal Theatre at Leipzig at the end of this month.

GOUNOD is still devoting himself to sacred music. His latest composition is a hymn to "Our Lady of France." To this he has given the fanciful designation of "The Marseillaise of the Virgin."

ACCORDING to the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*, some valuable discoveries have been made among Liszt's papers. Besides two unpublished pianoforte concertos, the manuscript-hunters are said to have come across the full score of a grand oratorio, entitled "The Four Seasons."

THE Parisians find Adelina Patti as charming as ever. "Patti changeth not," says *Le Ménestrel*, "she endureth fixed for generations. The same Patti whom we knew in the most splendid epoch of the Empire returns to us unchanged in the evil days of the Republic. The brilliant arias from 'La Traviata' and 'Lucia' were then, and are still, in her programmes. She continues to animate them with all the freshness and all the power of her talent. Eternal fidelity to principles which command our respect, eternal youth to win our admiration!"

BESIDES "Ah fors e lui," and "O luce di quest' anima," Patti sang the beautiful romance from "Mignon." Among the other artists who took part in the concert were Mdlle. Deschamps, M. Lubert, and M. Taskin. The female pupils of the conservatoire sang the chorus of the Mulberry-girls from "Mirella," and that of the Nymphs from "Psyche." Comic opera was also laid under requisition, Madame Judic giving one of her amusing impersonations in "les Charbonniers." The sum realized by the benefit is £1200, which amount will accordingly be handed over to the authorities of the French Hospital in London.

THE question of the final installation of the Opéra-Comique is again under consideration. There is a strong movement in favour of the purchase of the Eden Theatre, but *Le Ménestrel* thinks it would be

best to rebuild the theatre on the old site, now that the company is settled for a year in a suitable temporary home.

FOLLOWING the example of Dr. Villiers Stanford, Mrs. Augusta Holmes has written a Symphonic Poem on the subject of "Ireland" for M. Lamoureux's concerts in Paris. A *succès d'estime* is all that the work has obtained.

THEY are making vigorous attempts at decentralization across the Channel. Two new operas, "Zaire," by M. Lefebvre, and "Diane de Spaur," by M. David, have been produced at the theatres in Lille and Nantes. It is significant that the well-known critic, M. Arthur Pougin, went to Lille as a special representative of *Le Ménestrel*. M. Pougin speaks highly of the music, but is dissatisfied with the libretto, which is an adaptation of Voltaire's stilted tragedy.

THE members of the German Opera in Rotterdam have given a most successful performance of "Lohengrin" in Antwerp.

THAT delightful opera, Bizet's "Pearl Fishers" (*vide* our issue for July 1887), has won the hearts of the opera-goers of Brussels. They cannot understand why the work failed to please the Parisians.

THEY seem to have good digestions in Brussels. They are able to sit out M. Servais' concerts with programmes composed entirely of Symphonic Pieces, such as the following: Schubert's Symphony in C major, Liszt's "Prometheus," Bülow's "Des Sängers Fluch," and Wagner's Triumphal March.

A NEW comic opera by Lecocq, "Ali Baba," has been produced at the Alhambra in Brussels. The critics say that it has all the vivacity of the famous "Madame Angot." It seems, however, that fifteen years' experience have made Lecocq a Wagnerian!

RUBINSTEIN has finished a new work, "Moses," which he describes as an operatic oratorio.

THE director of the Opera in Buda-Pesth has resigned. It was about time he should, considering that he managed to incur a deficit of £20,000 last season.

THE Opera in Vienna was closed for about a fortnight in November, owing to the bad working of the electric light. The Gluck Centenary happened to fall during this interregnum, and "Alceste," which was to have been performed at the opera, had thus to be given in concert form. The Opera was reopened with a brilliant representation of Massenet's "Cid."

"DON GIOVANNI" was performed for the 500th time at the Opera House in Berlin on the 24th November. The cast was the same as at the Centenary celebration on the 29th October.

PETER CORNELIUS' forgotten opera, "The Barber of Bagdad," is making the round of Germany. It has now been performed in Weimar, Hamburg, Munich, Coburg, Leipzig, and Dresden.

SAMARA's opera, "Flora Mirabilis," has been produced on a scale of great magnificence in Cologne. A German paper hits on the shortest criticism on record by simply renaming it "Flora Miserabilis."

RUMOUR has been busy with the manufacture of fresh canards about von Bülow. Elaborate details have been published as to imaginary disagreements between von Bülow, as conductor of the opera in Hamburg, and Pollini, the director. In one of his characteristic letters, von Bülow assures the highly honoured public that he and Pollini are on the best of terms.

THE *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* gives a curious illustration of the way in which von Bülow's most ordinary actions are distorted. It was announced

that Rubinstein's Ocean Symphony was to be performed at one of the Hamburg Symphony Concerts. Shortly before the date of this concert, Eduard Marksen died, and, out of respect for his memory, von Bülow substituted for the Rubinstein Symphony, a symphony by Brahms, whose genius Marksen was the first to recognise. Shortly afterwards von Bülow was rather astonished to read in the papers that he had refused to conduct Rubinstein's Symphony because it was "wretched Jewish music."

OUR compatriot, Miss Fanny Davies, has achieved a remarkable success as a pianist in Berlin, where she played with Joachim. Like Clotilde Kleeberg, Miss Davies is a pupil of Madame Schumann.

## Music in America.

THE German Opera in New York continues its course of artistic splendour. The great event of the season has been the production of "Siegfried." The performance appears to have been one of a most brilliant character. The part of Siegfried was taken by the young tenor, Max Alvary. Wotan was represented by Fischer, Mime by Ferenzy, Brünnhilde by Lilli Lehmann, and Erda by Marianne Brandt. The papers bestow the highest praise on the conductor, Anton Seidl.

"GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG" will be given in the course of the season; and "Rheingold" will then be the only opera of the Tetralogy that has yet to be produced. It is stated that "Rheingold" will be the great attraction of the season 1888-1889, and that, with a view to its production, a number of alterations are to be made next summer in the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House.

THE chief novelty after "Siegfried" has been Nessler's "Trumpeter of Säckingen"! The patrons of German Opera in New York are certainly not exclusive in their tastes.

À propos of a recent visit to Berlin, Mr. Otto Floersheim, one of the editors of the *Musical Courier*, made the daring and almost extravagant suggestion that Mr. Stanton, the director of the German Opera in New York, should charter a special steamer, and take his whole company, soloists, chorus, orchestra, scenery, and all, over to Berlin, to show Berliners how German Opera ought to be performed. Carrying owls to Athens or coals to Newcastle might be thought matters of everyday business in comparison with such a project. But the Berliners are taking it up. Herr Scheerenberg, the director of the Victoria Theatre in Berlin, has commissioned Mr. Adolph Neuendorff in New York to open negotiations on the subject with Mr. Stanton. There is in reality no doubt that the representations of German Opera in New York are on a much higher artistic level than those in the conservative if not fossilized Opera House in Berlin.

WHILE New York is enjoying Opera in German, a French company is giving great delight to the inhabitants of New Orleans. The performances extend over the whole winter, and the repertoire includes a large number both of serious and of comic operas. It is composed as follows:—

"La Juive," "Les Huguenots," "Guillaume Tell," "Robert le Diable," "L'Africaine," "Le Prophète," "Hamlet," "Masaniello," "Ernani," "Charles VI.," "La Reine de Chypre," "Jerusalem," "Roland à Roncevaux," and of novelties, "Le Tribut de Zamora," "Le Cid," "Patrie," "Mignon," "Carmen," "Les Amours du Diable," etc.; and of operettas, "Barbe Bleue," "Boccaccio," "Orphée aux Enfers," "Les Brigands," "La Périhole," "La Princesse des Canaries," "Rip Rip," "La Belle Hélène," "La Marjolaine," "Le Grand Mogol," "La Mascotte," and of novelties, "Josephine Vendue par ses Sœurs," "La Fauvette au Temple," "Les Saturnales," "Surcouff."

MME. KELLOGG has married Mr. Carl Strakosch, nephew of the great impresario.



PROFESSOR KLINDWORTH has given two of a series of three pianoforte recitals in Boston. The first recital was devoted to Beethoven, the second to Chopin, and Liszt has been selected for the third. Professor Klindworth seems to have no reason to regret his removal to the United States. He is receiving £30 for every twenty lessons he gives at Steinway Hall, and £20 for every ten lessons given at his pupils' residences.

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MR. COWEN'S "Ruth" will be performed in March by the Boylston Club of Boston.

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THE Society of The Sons of England have given a concert in the grand Opera House at Ottawa, under the patronage of the Governor-General. Mr. Richards sang the patriotic ballad, "Where'er St. George's Banner Waves."

\* \* \*

MR. BARTON M'GUCKIN has been very well received in America. He made his *début* in "Lohengrin" at Philadelphia in the early part of November. It is to be hoped that the luck of the ill-fated National Opera Company has now turned for the better. The Company is now on tour, having spent a week at Cincinnati, St. Louis, and other towns.

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BOETEL, the tenor who was evolved out of a cabman (*vide* "A Bunch of Anecdotes" in our issue for last month), has been lionized at the Thalia Theatre in New York. He has appeared in a series of light operas, such as "Le Postillon de Longjumeau," "La Dame blanche," and "Stradella."

\* \* \*

LITTLE JOSEF HOFMANN has been received with the greatest enthusiasm in New York. *Freund's Music and Drama* writes as follows:—

All the astounding rumours about the musical genius of Josef Hofmann which have reached us from Europe, have been more than realized by the two performances which the boy has given in this city. Whatever may be the future of this wonderful child, whether he will turn out to be a creative genius like Mozart, whether he will rival the fame of Liszt and Rubinstein, the future alone will reveal. But nobody who has heard him will deny that at present he is by far the greatest musical prodigy that has appeared in public within the recollection of men now living. It is not necessary to judge him from a relative point of view, and criticise his playing as wonderful, only because it is done by a child of ten years old. Josef Hofmann is to-day an artist, and an accomplished artist. He exhibits the artistic qualities of a matured and experienced man.

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"DOROTHY" has had a run of about eight weeks at the Standard. It has not proved quite so successful as "Erminie," which is still being taken about the States by two companies on tour.

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THE *Musical Courier* is very severe on Signor Campanini's concerts. They are in the traditional style of the operatic hodge-podge, which is pleasant enough in its way, but not likely to go down in a city where a well-balanced and homogeneous company are giving artistic performances of the best operas. The following amusing picture will bear quotation:—

Think of the terzetto from Ricci's "Crispino," at Chickering Hall on Saturday afternoon, when three big men like Nannetti, Corsini, and Galassi acted the scene with piano accompaniment, on a concert stage, and in Prince Albert coats and checkered trousers!

\* \* \*

ETELKA GERSTER'S appearance in New York was a complete fiasco; and Mr. Abbey has granted her two months' leave, in the hope that she may recover her lost powers. *Freund's Music and Drama* gives the following account of the manner in which she sang:—

Mme. Gerster had chosen for her first number the well-known "Una voce poco fa" from Rossini's "Barber of Seville." But before she had sung a dozen bars it became painfully evident to every impartial listener, that she had lost that fresh and sympathetic quality, that crystalline clearness of voice, that purity of intonation, and that unsurpassed brilliancy of execution, that only four years ago exercised a magnetic charm whenever she appeared. Her voice was husky, her intonation uncertain, and her delivery of the florid passages anything but clear and precise. It was a feeling of melancholy surprise that spread over the vast audience, which grew even stronger after the other numbers in which Mme. Gerster subsequently appeared.

*Freund's Music and Drama* has a portrait of a very charming young lady, Miss Nettie Carpenter. After winning the hearts of English audiences, the young violinist has now reappeared in her native New York.

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A RECENT number of the *Musical Courier* has a capital portrait of our countryman, Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, who has been the conductor of the Toronto Vocal Society since it was founded in 1885. Like our own Henry Leslie Choir, the Toronto Vocal Society court the ordeal of singing without accompaniment, and their performances are highly praised. After a brilliant career as musical director in various capacities in England, Mr. Haslam went to America in 1883; and he has already made an excellent reputation.

## Better from Frankfort.

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### MUSIC IN A TYPICAL GERMAN TOWN.

THE excitement occasioned by Sarasate's visit here had scarcely quieted down when the music-loving public were again stimulated to fresh enthusiasm by the appearance of Brahms to conduct his *Akademische Overture* and his new concerto for violin and cello, still in MS., and also of Joachim, who, with the celebrated German cellist Hausmann, took the solo parts in the new work. It was received with loud and prolonged applause, Brahms and the two soloists coming in for quite an ovation. Under the composer's direction the orchestra played magnificently, the two first movements, an Allegro and Andante, being given with exquisite feeling and finish, and the Rondo, which is one of the most strikingly merry and graceful works from Brahms' pen, literally captivated the coldest amongst the vast and enthusiastic audience. Joachim played as solo the well-known sonata of Tartini's with the wonderful *trillo del diavolo* finale, and of course was recalled and recalled till he had to give as the demanded encore some of his own Hungarian dances.

At the next Symphony Concert, on the 2nd December, the much-talked-of Wagner Symphony was given, and quite satisfied, if it did not exceed, all expectations. This was all the more appreciated by the Bayreuth master's friends, inasmuch as the audience of these concerts are distinctly non-Wagnerian.

Eugène d'Albert was solo pianist, playing the E flat concerto of Beethoven in a manner that of necessity disarmed even the most hostile of his critics, and proved him to be, as Hans Richter and von Bülow affirm, one of the first and greatest of living artists.

His touch is admirable, his technique marvellous, and his whole playing, although perhaps a trifle cold at times, is yet utterly free of all mannerism or affectation. In short, Eugène d'Albert, if wanting in gratitude to his English teachers, is nevertheless a great and true artist in all senses of the word, and of course concerns the public in no other way.

Amongst many small concerts, the Pianoforte Recital of the talented Sophie Menter takes the lead. In Liszt and Schubert-Liszt she pleased most, her marvellous execution being a source of startled wonder to her audience, especially to those studying at the Hoch Conservatorium under the guidance of Madame Schumann, whose manner is quiet and refined.

Sophie Menter was presented with an immense laurel wreath, and wore all her orders and the diamonds given to her by the Royal people of Russia as a mark of their favour and appreciation of her great talents.

The great attraction at the Opera House was the production, after a year's time, of Wagner's "Meistersinger," and the appearance of a Cologne tenor, Emil Götz, who wore in "Lohengrin" a suit of silver armour, presented to him by the enthusiastic ladies of Cologne. As a gift it is certainly magnificent, but so far as practical use goes, the effect of ordinary spangle material is unfortunately more brilliant.

ALEX. M'ARTHUR.

## Better from the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

—:o:—

WE have received the following letter from Mr. T. D. Sullivan, whose term of office as the Lord Mayor of Dublin has just expired. It is pleasant to know that we command the sympathy of one who has himself done so much for the music and poetry of his native land. It is beyond our province to discuss political questions. But we trust that our readers of all opinions share our deep regret that a scholar and a gentleman like Mr. Sullivan should at this moment be immured within the walls of Tullamore Gaol.

MANSION HOUSE, DUBLIN,  
21st November 1887.

DEAR SIR,—It is now some months since I got from you a very interesting letter, together with a number of your *Magazine of Music* and a photograph of yourself, for all of which I heartily thank you. Although my acknowledgment has been long delayed, owing to great pressure of various duties, this note will be evidence to you that your communication has not been forgotten by me; indeed, I have kept it near my hand ever since then, with the intention of replying to it at my first leisure moment. I read with much interest your sketch of Old Tom of the Dargle, and admired the faithful picture of him and his surroundings which you gave in the *Magazine*. I quite agree in your view that the teaching of music is too much neglected in the Irish National Schools, and I lament the fact. But how could it be otherwise in the present circumstances of this country? Hardly anything will or can go right in Ireland until the great political question—which is not merely political, but is a social and material question also—is settled in a way that will give satisfaction, peace, and contentment to the Irish people. I do not want to intrude politics on you; I merely want to give you my own view, held with the utmost conviction and sincerity, that the unsettled and unsatisfactory condition of our national affairs bars our progress in many ways, and that we never will be able to put forth to the utmost extent whatever industry, energy, talent, and inventive genius there may be in us until this long national struggle of ours is happily and honourably ended. I will say no more on that point. But I will say that I wish success to your *Magazine*, as I do to every effort to popularize the delightful and civilising influence of music.—Yours very truly,

T. D. SULLIVAN.

## Mozart.

—:o:—

(Lines suggested by the recent Centenary Performances of "Don Giovanni.")

Bright, ever-living name!  
Blazoned high up on the Scroll of Fame—  
Great among greatest names!

Oft have thy chords sublime,  
Now with their fresh and flute-like grace,  
Now with their sad and solemn swell,  
Stirred in us thoughts divine.  
What is the charm in thy sweet song?  
Why do the notes sink in our soul,  
Binding our hearts in captive chains,  
Bearing us from the strife and care  
Of our dull earthly life?

What a proud empire thine!  
Throned in the hearts of men!  
Lifting them from the mire of earth  
Out of their grosser selves.  
The years roll by, the charm still grows:  
Thy ever-widening empire spreads;  
Writ for all time, thy song shall live,  
Lofty, sublime, majestic, vast,  
Passing thy name on through the years  
To deathless fame.

H. J. GREEN.



## Waltz Prize.

THE waltz by Mr. C. R. Duggan which we have published with our Christmas number, has gained our prize in this competition, because it, more than any of the others sent in, fulfilled the necessary conditions of a good waltz, with its various changes. The necessity for these ingenious variations, or secondary but equally good melodies, has been overlooked by most of the competitors; to whose idea a single melody was sufficient. Among the best of the unsuccessful compositions was the "Blodwen" waltz by Mr. Brindley. Also the "Nikita" waltzes by Mr. Smieton, whose name is not unfamiliar to our readers.

Mr. Samuel Moss deserves honourable mention, and so does Master Alfred Pratt, the defects of whose composition were only what might be looked for in a lad only thirteen. We hope they will try again, when at some future time we are able to make a like offer.

Ras.

Alfordham -

Dec 19. 1887

Sir -

I have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of your cheque for five guineas, the prize for the successful waltz in your Christmas Competition. May I be allowed to offer my congratulations with regard to the general get up of the piece -

I am Sir,

Yours obed. Servant.

Richard Duggan

The Editor

"Magazine of Music"

## The Waits.

WE give the following from the *Daily News*. At first sight it appears an ordinary newspaper article, but the inward ear soon perceives the rhythm. The poet Cowper often pleasingly confused his correspondents in this way, as those will remember who have read his charming letters. We are truly glad to see the Waits attacked. Even music is unwelcome when it disturbs our well-earned slumbers:-

With Christmas drawing daily near, there sounds another word of fear, as Rome of old was vexed to hear "the Gaul was at the Gates," so dreadful comes, so shrill, so drear, the singing of the Waits. Where fever turns on burning bed, where genius (towers

round his head) pores over poems rarely read, as certain as the Fates, there shrills the clamour and the dread intoning of the Waits. If they would come at night but soon, perhaps when night has reached her noon, they then might play the big bassoon, a thing that Nature hates. Though even then 'twere scarce a boon, the playing of the Waits. If later came they with the sweep, the milkman, he that murders sleep with cans that dreadful rattling keep, the postman and his mates, we still might swear, but not so deep as now we ban the Waits. Nay, in that hour, as Virgil said, when Slumber wields his wand of lead, and pours the poppies on the head 'neath thatched roof or slates, 'tis then they raise their clamour dread, the thrice detested Waits. When sleep is dearest unto men, then each musician from his den creeps forth and howls, again, again, while anger contemplates the sarcasms she will utter when they come for fees, the Waits. Have they no power, the bold police, to bid the loathly singing cease, and drag the foemen of the peace, before the magistrates? Our troubles, why should they increase, these all untuneful Waits? In poetry we ask, and prose, is there no solace for our woes? No such nocturnal pests as those are known in other States; the world-wide through one comes and goes, and is not vexed by Waits. Why only here at home should they silence and sleep conspire to slay? We'll hurl things at them an' we may, hurl bricks and boots and plates, it scarce were criminal to slay a legion of the Waits.

## Reviews.

LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, W.

*Twelve Songs to Old English Words*, by Erskine Allon. (2s. 6d. net.)

The cover and fly-leaf of this book are tastefully, though rather heavily, printed in chocolate, silver, and gold, and the contents may strangely be said to be of a similarly coloured character. Rich almost to gaudiness, heavy and laboured, the songs are yet at least "tasteful," and show a wonderful depth of feeling and variety in means of expression in the composer. This work (his Opus 9) contains twelve tenor and soprano songs worthy of great consideration. Mr. Allon is evidently a master of harmony, and we should think he might successfully carry through some much larger work where there would be a greater scope for his talents to display themselves.

*Arise, Shine*. Anthem. By G. F. Cobb. (6d.)

This composition does Mr. Cobb credit. Without much variation, it is thoroughly original, and will form a successful anthem for Christmas or Epiphany.

*Love's Confession*. Song. By Haydn Grover. (4s.)

We can confidently recommend this composition as forming a beautifully expressive tenor song. It possesses nothing obnoxiously dramatic or sensational, and is a truly melodious serenade (very similar in style to Mr. Gregory's serenade we presented to our readers in our October's supplement).

LEIPZIG—FR. KISTNER.

*Serenade for Violin and Piano*. By W. G. Beard. (Mark 1, 50.)

A pretty little serenade of much sweetness and grace, with a flowing melody, the character of which is well sustained throughout.

BIRMINGHAM—ALBERT ADAMS, BELGRAVE ROAD.

*The Victoria March*, for Organ. By T. H. Spiers. (4s.)

This march is capably put together, and contains some glorious martial-like music. It might characteristically be called a "triumphal march." The changes from key to key are continuous. The composer dwells on each strain for only a short time, repeating the original melodies at the close. The whole thing is well arranged, and forms an easy and yet grand organ composition.

LONDON—HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27 PATERNOSTER ROW.

*Congregational Church Hymnal*.

This book of "Worship, Praise, and Prayer," as it is termed, reflects great credit on the editor, George S. Barrett, B.A., by whom, in conjunction with Mr. Josiah Booth, the whole of the work has been done. It will undoubtedly form a pleasurable addition in the Christian home, as well as be a source of usefulness to the Congregational Union of England and Wales, for whom especially the book has been prepared. Parts 2 and 3, with which we have been favoured, consist respectively of about 150 litanies and chants, and of anthems to the number of 85. The music is all carefully selected, and the harmonies well arranged; and, besides several copyrights inserted by "kind permission," there are several original tunes composed (and copyrighted) especially for this work by Stainer, Prout, Calkin, and others.

LONDON—C. JEFFERYS, 67 BERNERS STREET.

*Six Characteristic Pieces for Piano*, by Eugen Woyck. (3s. each.)

As a whole, these compositions show great originality, not so much in melody as in the phrases and forms employed to express the thoughts. No. 1, "Daybreak," is perhaps as pretty and graceful as any, and easy; while "At the Brook" and "Among the Flowers" are much more difficult, and perhaps hardly as good. No. 5, "On the Ocean," is likewise difficult in construction, though more simple in conception; while No. 4, "Near the Bees," is very characteristic, the buzzing of these insects being expressed very neatly. But perhaps No. 6, "Terra Firma," is the best, though only described as a quasi-impromptu march. The form chosen here is excellent, and carried well through the piece, the whole forming a very delightful piano composition of great beauty and majesty. We can thoroughly recommend these works, if not as pieces, then as studies or practices. If a selection be made, Nos. 1, 4, and 6 should be chosen.

LONDON—HOPWOOD & CREW, 42 NEW BOND STREET.

*Hearts*, by C. Hubi Newcombe. (4s.)

We do not at all care for this song, and are unable to find any one point worthy of praise.

LONDON—F. PITMAN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

*Queen's Parade*. March for Piano. By D. Paritt (3s.), or plus a Violin Arrangement or Flute, 4d. extra net.

We cannot style this as being a "good" composition in any sense of the term, except that it is cheerful, and forms a very bright, easy "quick march."

## Character of Slavonic Music and Poetry.

CHOPIN'S WORKS.

VII.

POLONAISES AND MAZURKAS.

WE will now examine Chopin's *Polonaises*. "The energetic rhythms of Chopin's *Polonaises* rouse us from our torpid indifference. The noblest traditions of old Poland have been laid down in them. Martial for the greater part, courage and valour are expressed in them with that simplicity which was the distinctive trait of that warlike nation. They breathe such calm strength, such firm determination, combined with ceremonious gravity, which were the distinguishing characteristics of those Poles of days gone by. One seems to see them, as described in old chronicles, men of massive build, great intellect, profound piety, and undaunted courage, yet gifted with that grace which never left the children of Poland even on the battle-field. In listening to some of these *Polonaises*, we seem to hear the firm, heavy tread of those men who confronted with audacious courage an unjust fate. We seem to see magnificent groups, like those painted by the brush of a Paul Veronese: men and women dressed in the rich costume of the olden days, heavy gold brocades, Venetian velvets, rich silks, soft and flowing sables, satin sleeves, damascened swords, glittering jewels, curiously engraved turquoises, Flemish lace, bodices trimmed with pearls, rustling trains, nodding plumes, *coiffures* shining with emeralds and rubies, gorgeously-embroidered slippers, perfumed gloves" (Liszt).

We find that these *Polonaises*, excepting perhaps the one in A major, are pervaded by the same lugubrious, passionate moods as his other works. Four of them are written in the minor and four in the major keys,—but here also the major is often overshadowed and disturbed by minor chords and discords. The E flat major *Polonaise*, Op. 22, with its tuneful introduction (*Andante Spianato*), alone rises to festive joyousness; although not free from minor chords, it is of a more cheerful character than the other *Polonaises*. It is a favourite with many concert-players as a brilliant bravura-piece, and may be played even by those who lay no special claim to be Chopin-players.

The form of these *Polonaises* naturally differs from that of the ordinary dance. Of this only the so-called *Polonaise* rhythm is used, but in form they resemble rather a Rondo, of course with modifications. One might call them concert *Polonaises*. The *Polonaises* in A major and C minor are the only ones written in the customary dance form, but are also of a concert-like nature.

Being Polish national dances, they represent for the most part the character of that nation, its festive joys and chivalrous games; and here and there Chopin does not disdain to employ descriptive music. We hear sometimes—especially in the A flat major *Polonaise*—the trotting of horses, represented by the bass-figures in the middle part in E major. We must imagine the *Polonaise* executed on horse-back, just as the quadrille is in other countries. They are a particular speciality of the Polish nation, and portray its festivities and burning passions, as for instance the A flat major *Polonaise*, Op. 53. Knightly courtesy, enthusiasm, and womanly tenderness are also beautifully and touchingly expressed in these pieces.

"One of the most beautiful is the Grand *Polonaise* in F sharp minor, with a middle part in mazurka form, resembling the recital of a dream in a wintry dawn after a sleepless night. It is a dream-poem, in which impressions and objects succeed



each other with strange incoherence and strange transitions, like those of which Byron says:—

... Dreams in their development have breath,  
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;  
They have a weight upon our waking thoughts,  
And look like heralds of eternity.

(A Dream.)

"The principal theme is vehement, of a sinister character, like the hour which precedes a storm. The ear seems to catch angry exclamations defying the elements. The prolonged return of the tonic at the commencement of each bar seems to portray the roaring of cannons in a distant battle. This note is followed, bar after bar, by strange chords. This passage is suddenly interrupted by a rustic scene, a mazurka in such an idyllic style, that the delicate perfumes of mint and marjoram almost seem to pervade the air. But far from effacing the sad and mournful feelings aroused before, it increases the painful emotions of the listener to such a degree by its ironical and bitter contrast, that he feels almost relieved when the first theme returns, and he witnesses again the imposing yet sad spectacle of a fatal strive without hope. This improvisation terminates like a dream with a gloomy shudder, leaving the impression of dreary desolation" (Liszt).

The *Mazurkas* do not bear the national stamp on them to the same extent as the *Polonaises*, but they may nevertheless be termed almost exclusively Polish. I may safely assert that for many of these dances Chopin has only written down or arranged for the piano tunes hundreds of years old, so strange do these lays sound with their curious harmonies and peculiar final cadences, which to us seem unlike a termination, and lead us to expect something more to follow. As a curious instance, I quote the beginning and the end of the *Mazurka*, Op. 17, No. 4:—



Here even the key is very uncertain: A major and A minor certainly predominate, but the ♯ chord of F major, with which the *Mazurka* closes, renders the tonal relation again uncertain, the more so as the key of F major is only touched upon passingly in the whole *Mazurka*. It is not easy to reconcile oneself with such eccentricities which have, unhappily, found imitators in recent days.

It is remarkable that Chopin uses in the *Mazurkas* no passages nor those soft, delicate arabesques which delight us in his other works. Melody and accompaniment are for the most part so simple, as if he had less proficient players in view when composing them. Here and there he occasionally sets all rules of theory at defiance, and introduces forbidden progressions displeasing to an educated ear, as, for instance, the following consecutive fifths and octaves belonging to chords in no way related to each other:—



In this sequence, consisting entirely of chords of the dominant seventh, the consecutive fifths, sevenths and octaves stand out with painful sharpness. The Polish revolutionary character manifests itself even in harmony, but, happily, only seldom and in solitary cases, which we must accept as Polish extravagances, without letting them detract from the other poetical beauties of Chopin's works. The greater number of these *Mazurkas*, as may be expected from Chopin, are also written in the minor.

(To be continued.)

## Amateur Singing and Professional Teaching.

—:O:—

SIR,—In the article in your September issue on Amateur Singing, the writer gives an opinion as to the reasons of the pooriness of the great majority of Amateur Singers.

May it not be that one of the principal reasons to which can be attributed the surprising lack of well trained amateurs is the absence of good teachers? that is to say, teachers who understand the whole subject of singing.

My own experience is not calculated to give a high opinion as to the average attainments of teachers of singing and their methods of imparting instruction.

The subject, being one which is very comprehensive, necessitates the following qualifications in order to enable a person to teach even the technical side of the art, viz.—A knowledge of the vocal organs, with their functions, including the methods of respiration, the correct methods of voice training and good tone production, changes of register, a thorough acquaintance with the principles of elocution (absolutely necessary in order to attain a correct method of phrasing, articulating, and expression), and a good knowledge of music.

In addition, there are the essential æsthetic requirements of feeling and sensitive sympathetic perception.

How many teachers of singing can say they *understand* the subject, even superficially, and how many have any clear, well-defined system of teaching?

A lady friend told me she went to a professor to train as a public vocalist. His whole course of instruction consisted in the pupil singing after him like a parrot. And as he taught soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass in the same way, illustrating how they were to sing with his cracked falsetto voice, you may imagine the lady's tone was not improved, and, as his whole care was that the pupil should sing in time and tune, all her faults of phrasing, articulation, etc., were entirely neglected.

Another lady, who has a good voice, but whose tones were wrongly produced and whose elocution was very faulty, paid a high fee to a lady teacher and professor, whose method was to sing a piece of music over to her pupil and tell her to imitate it, and when the tone was wrongly produced, and therefore unpleasant to the ear, the pupil was told to produce a more pleasing one, but with no instruction how to remedy the fault.

I have known ladies with good contralto voices being trained to sing soprano, the consequence being that their voices were nearly ruined, and have had pupils who have been trained habitually by (so-called) good teachers to force their lower registers upwards, until what might have been pleasing and sweet tones have become harsh, grating, and altogether unmusical.

I believe that very many good useful voices are yearly sacrificed by bad teachers, and that the reason of there being so many bad amateurs (I am speaking now of those who have had lessons) is almost solely due to faulty instruction.

My experience is that pupils generally will learn quickly enough when the subject is properly placed before them and made interesting, and when instruction is given as to *how to do the right thing*, as well as *how not to do the wrong*, so that at least the worst faults of bad, forced tone and painful articulation could be eradicated. I do not mean to say that all people can be made to sing, but, granted an ear for music, I believe it possible for the worst voice to be very much improved by a competent teacher, who would take up the task with patience, and carefully instruct the pupil in the proper methods of voice production. I have heard the most surprising results from even a few weeks' careful training, so that I know something of what can be done; and if any of your readers are wishful to qualify themselves to entertain their friends, I should advise them to seek for a teacher who not only understands music, but one who knows something of voice training and the delicate treatment the vocal organs should receive, so that they are not unduly fatigued or strained, and many such can be found. The subject is a vast one, opening up many questions of technique and method, and some of the highly interesting confusions of opinion between the old and modern schools of teachers; but although some of the *methods* of the new school are at variance with those of the old, the *principles* are the same, and all agree that good *tone* is the foundation of all good singing.

Amateurs who have been trained to produce a good tone will always derive additional pleasure for themselves, as well as give greater pleasure to others, as it is a well-known fact that good tone is produced with greater ease and less fatigue than bad, after once the bad habit is broken, in the same way that correct pianoforte fingering is easier than incorrect.

That there is much to be said on behalf of the teachers I do not deny, such as the want of ability and perception on the side of the pupil; but when one has had the acquaintance of several persons, going to different teachers within a few months, and though being quite able to learn, and in some cases with exceptional perception, musical knowledge, and enthusiasm, and all having similar experiences, we must conclude that the subject requires more attention from the profession generally, and that those who profess to teach singing should understand the importance of the subject, and endeavour to qualify themselves to teach not only music to those who have a good natural voice and style, but that larger class who have faults to correct, and who have much to unlearn before they can make any progress.

I am glad to see that voice production is engaging the attention of the profession more generally; but although there are numbers of competent teachers, there are numbers who are not, and I hope the day is not far distant when the race of teachers similar to one I am acquainted with, whose opinion it is that "voice production is all nonsense, and the less pupils know about it the better," will be a extinct species.—Yours truly,

LEEDS.

WALLIS A. WALLIS.

## Questions and Answers.

—:O:—

PIANIST.—Your question concerning the difference between tied notes and slurs is a very reasonable one, and Sir Sterndale Bennett, to meet the difficulty, used a square mark for a tie (—) on purpose to distinguish it from a slur. Players are often obliged to decide these things for themselves, when a composer is not explicit. In No. 1 we should play the chord *once*, as if all the notes were tied; in No. 2 the dots in the notes would indicate a mere slur, as both must be played; No. 3 the same; No. 4 mere repetitions.

SCOTIA.—In singing the word "Abraham" should be pronounced with a broad A, as in "Father."

POVERINA.—Thank you for your kind appreciation of the Magazine. The commandments of Maurice Strakosch are not published, but we hope at some future date we may possibly be enabled to gratify the curiosity which a number of our readers have expressed on the subject.

Our kind friends "Manchester and Saltair" evidently credit us with an intimate personal acquaintance with all public players; their names, instruments, and addresses, when at home, whether in England, or on the Continent. We cannot pretend to this; but let our subscribers double their number, and we will spare neither money nor trouble to obtain the varied information they require.

W. H. M.—(1.) Students attending Von Bülow's course, who are not pupils of the Conservatorium, pay a fee of £5. (2.) Living in Germany costs at least (during the summer) £5 per month. (3.) The next session commences about the 1st of May 1888; and all students who purpose attending must first send in their names to Herr Schwarz, Director Raff Conservatorium, who will furnish them with all particulars, giving them date of the examination which they must first undergo with him before they are allowed to play to Von Bülow. Those who do not purpose playing to Von Bülow can attend as visitors, paying the same fee (£5). The examination is a stiff one, as Von Bülow hears none but exceptionally first-class players. Less gifted students cannot possibly hope to play to Von Bülow; but all can listen, and profit more in the six weeks by so doing than in six years of lessons from ordinary teachers.

S. T. WILLIAMS.—We do not understand your question.

MEDICUS wishes to know the title of a song in the play "East Lynne" commencing "I cannot sing sad songs to-night." Perhaps some of our correspondents may know.

G. D. WILLIAMS.—Want of space prevents our giving music in the Sol-fa notation; though, in course of time, increased circulation may enable us to enlarge the Magazine, and meet your wishes.

MARIAN.—A note to Mr. A. Harris at Drury Lane will obtain the information you require.

R. WILLIAMS.—See adjudication in this number.

ALICE M. JOSLAND.—Thanks for your good opinion of the Magazine. See reply to W. H. M.

LILIAN JONES HENRY (BRENTWOOD).—Apply to Novello & Co., Berners Street, W., and Augener & Co., Newgate Street, E.C. Both these firms have a subscription music library. We are glad you always look forward to the arrival of the Magazine.

C. W. C. G. P. O. (JAMAICA).—The *Hygiene of the Vocal Organs*, by Morell Mackenzie, published by Macmillan & Co., London. For advice as to choir management you will find the following works useful:—*Studies in Worship Music*, by John Spencer Curwin, price 3s; and *Common Praise*, by T. G. Edwards, price 3s. 6d. Both are published at 8, Warwick Lane London.

G. S. WALKER (WORKSOP).—You have not enclosed stamps in your letter. Please, therefore, apply direct to Royal Academy and Trinity College.

CUMBERLAND.—Messrs. Augener & Co., Newgate Street, London, publish several of the pieces recommended by Carl Reincke in the December Number, 1886. Counterpoint, the art of combining melodies, is a most useful study. It is necessary that some advance should have been made in harmony before studies in counterpoint are commenced.

ADLE.—Musical dictation is to state or utter music so that another person may reduce to writing. Parts 14, to date, of the Magazine may be obtained. Address—Business Manager, St. Martin's House, Ludgate Hill. Novello's publish very good Primer for Harmony, by Dr. Stainer. Scholarships may be obtained at the Royal Academy of Music. Thanks for your kind commendations.

A SISTER (HIGHGATE).—Call at Rudall, Carte, & Co., 23 Berners Street, W., with your brothers. They would be able to supply you with instruments, and also give some advice as to selection, etc.

TIME.—Holding the certificate you mention, you ought not to have much difficulty in obtaining pupils for piano and organ. If you will send some of your songs, we will go through them, with a view to publishing in supplement. You have made good progress for your age; and if you continue as you have begun, will eventually make your mark in the profession.

Trade orders for the "Magazine of Music" to be sent to Messrs. Kent & Co., 23 Paternoster Row. Subscriptions and advertisements to the Business Manager, "Magazine of Music," St. Martin's House, 29 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

All Editorial communications to be addressed to the Editor, Arran, 4 Herbert Road, Stockwell, S.





Rosalind Frances Ellicott—







# MAGAZINE OF MUSIC

• SUPPLEMENT. •

JANUARY 1888.

A LITTLE FANCY,

— SKETCH FOR PIANO,

BY

FERRIS TOZER.

GEMS FOR THE HARMONIUM—

(a) AIR, - - - CHOPIN.

(b) ANDANTINO, - SCHUBERT.





## A LITTLE FANCY.

Allegro.

FERRIS TOZER.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems of two staves each (treble and bass). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro.' and the composer is 'FERRIS TOZER.' The first system begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The music is characterized by a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, and various chordal textures. The piece concludes with a final chord in the fifth system.

TOZER.

**Musetta.**

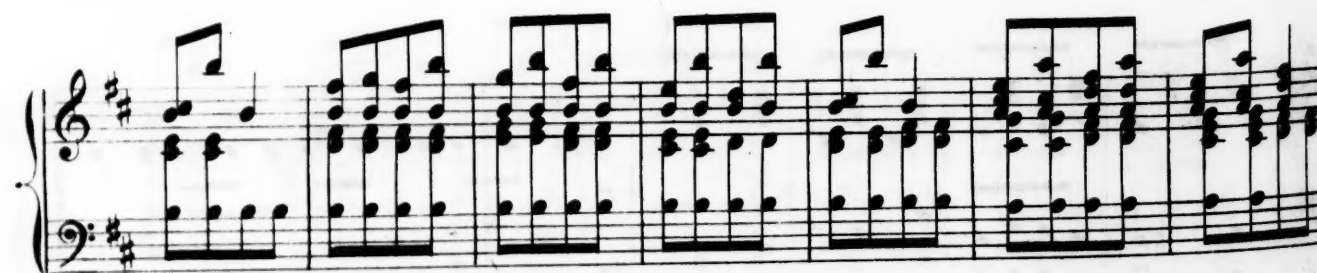




*staccato**cantabile*

\* The smaller notes may be omitted if desired.



*cantabile**staccato*











## GEMS FOR THE HARMONIUM.

Lento.

AIR.

CHOPIN.

pp poco cresc. mp cre - - - scen - - - do poco rit

*a tempo* pp poco cresc.

ANDANTINO.

SCHUBERT.

pp mf cresc.

f pp p

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Patti Nikit